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CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

SEP 8 1980

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VOL. 9

NO. 2

THE

COMMUNICATOR

MAGAZINE

SPRINGHILL NS

ISSN

0381-095X



Something a "model" inmate could have written:

YOU KNOW, I WAS JUST SITTING HERE THINKING ABOUT BIRTHDAYS AND PRESENTS and Christmas and all the neat things you get from people when they think you're nice, and even though I know it's not supposed to be the cost of a gift that counts, but more the thought behind it, I couldn't help thinking that it would really be nice if I had lots and lots of money so I could just run right out and fill up a whole bag of things for myself.

And, then, I thought, "There you go again... being selfish and always thinking about what you will be getting instead of giving," and I started to feel really bad about what a rotten person I was; so I walked down to the office at the end of the range and told my range officer all about what I was thinking, and he was so nice... He put his arm around my shoulders and said, "There, there, that's alright. Even you will get the chance to give pretty soon. You'll be getting out around Christmas of 1984 and then you'll be able to give people nice presents and everything."

Well, you know, I really appreciated what he told me and all the help he always gives me and that he makes me feel so much better and that there is always somebody there to comfort me when the pressures of living get too much for me; but I still couldn't help wishing that I could give somebody something right then, right away, right when I felt the urge. And, then, I had a wonderful idea... why don't I give CANADA (no, no... you don't have to stand up!) why don't I give Canada a birthday present? July 1st is almost upon us, so why don't I just up and give Canada a birthday present?

And while thinking about what kind of present I could buy (keeping in mind that I make \$1.00 a day), I just naturally began remembering all the nice things Canada had given me on my birthdays. And, you know, that made me feel real good for awhile. And then I just naturally got around to thinking about all the wonderful opportunities which helped me grow up the way I did. And while thinking about the many many things I had been given over the years, fanticing about how much better each new year was after the preceding one, I got back to thinking about what I could do for Canada on July 1st that I hadn't done or given before. And, you know, you never know how hard it is to think about presents until you have to think about buying one for a country that has everything.

After spending hours and hours thinking and thinking about what I could do that would be something new, I had to give up on finding a new and different gift; the best I could come up with is just more of what I've been giving most of my life. Only this birthday I will be giving much much more than I have been able to in the past. And I'm even more tickled when I think about 1981, because I just know that I'll be able to give even more then. Giving really is much nicer than receiving.

Being an inmate really made it hard for me to think about things, so I hope everybody will know just how hard it was for me to choose my gift. The other thing that made it hard is that inmates don't actually have anything that belongs to them... everything an inmate has can be taken away at any time by the nice people who run the institutions, so it is hard to think about giving something you have but don't really have because nothing is yours to give to someone else -- they call it "dealing in contraband" when they catch you doing it.

But, anyway...

For the year 1979-1980 the CORRECTIONAL SERVICE OF CANADA budget, which does not include the National Parole Board, the National Parole Service, the R.C.M.P., the courts, probation services and various other police force budgets across the country, amounted to 338 million dollars, 75% of which goes to staff salaries. On April 1st, 1979, the beginning of the fiscal year, there were 9,364 inmates in 58 federal penal institutions. On the same day there were 9,862 employees in C.S.C., 9,488 permanent and 374 term or contract.

Well, Geez, I'm not very good at arithmetic and all that kind of stuff because nobody ever gave me an education, but the budget for the year divided by the actual number of inmates comes out to it costing \$36,906.65 to keep each prisoner locked in. These figures also add up to there being 498 more staff people on April 1st, 1979 than there were inmates. And, with it

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!!!! CAUTION !!!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adults & groups. SWEAR WORDS, though will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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IN THE BAG

Editor:

Finished reading most of the new COMMUNICATOR you sent. Was really stirred up by things like 'Getting Straight' and the poems 'The Glass Cage' and 'In the Courtroom' -- although I've never been in an actual prison, the prison in which I've been reared (Western Society), makes it easy for me to identify with the feelings involved. I believe any intelligent, sensitive person would be moved to consider ideas in your magazine. You are asking the important questions like "Who are the real criminals?" Here, we have but to look to our government, business leaders, and many of the people who call themselves educators, to find the answer. I fear the worst, but still see a lot of good people who will not give in... who will keep on struggling to tell the truth and challenge authority.

It's to them and us that the hope of a future remains.

Jeffrey Zable
San Francisco

Dear Editor:

Thanx for sending Vol. 8 No. 6 -- and for your moving editorial on LINDA PYKE. Didn't know her work too well, having seen only several in the COMMUNICATOR and I think, POETRY TORONTO NEWSLETTER. What you've written about Linda is a heart-felt tribute, and I'd like to see it reprinted in other mags to get a wider circulation. Would you consider doing this, or if not practical, would you allow me to send it out under your name, with credit to you and the COMMUNICATOR if they use it? Let me know.

Am looking forward to reading the rest of the issue and cannot forego a word of appreciation to you, Bob Eby, and other members of staff and Board for their contributions.

If I haven't already said it, thanx too, for publishing my poem "The Glass Cage" in Vol. 8 No. 5. Believe you have several others -- keep as long as you want and use if and when convenient.

No need for apologies for late issue -- just keep the quality up, which I think you're doing!

Best to you always,
JACK BROOKS,
St. Alphonse,
Quebec

EDITORIAL

CONTINUED ●●●

costing an average of \$36,906.65 to keep inmates in the system, and with me being an average inmate in that I'll never make \$36,906.65 in any one year during my lifetime, you can understand why I'm so excited about being able to buy Canada a birthday present.

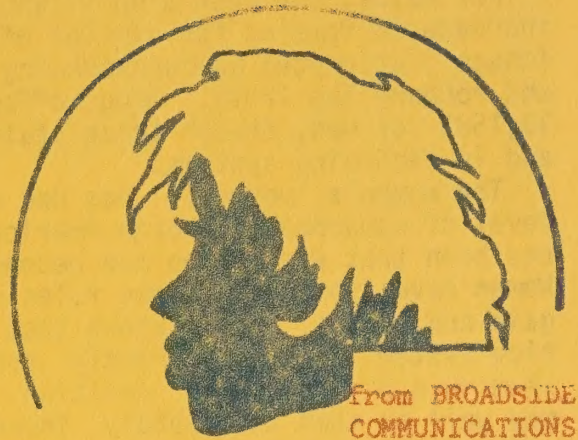
Now, what I've been telling you about here is what was set aside for me, the average inmate, for the year 1979. I can't wait to hear how much I've got to spend for 1980. Maybe a target of 1,000 more staff than inmates can be set for this year... that would be a nice gift! And, you know, now that I've taken the time to think about it in a proper light, my betters really are right when they say, "It's the thought that counts."

Happy Birthday Canada... it's just desserts. 2



WOMEN SHUT UP

by Darlene Lawson



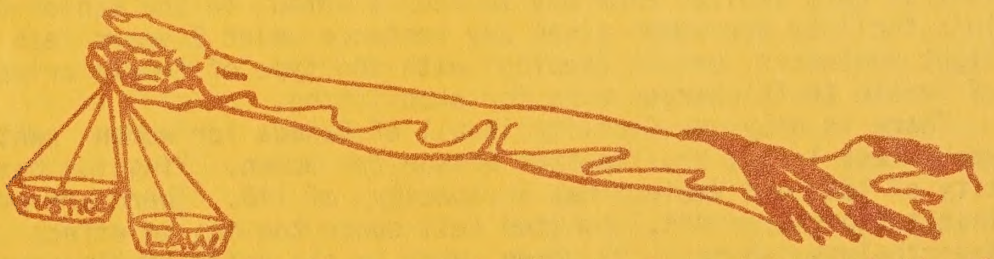
IT IS ONLY WHEN THE MEDIA SENSATIONALIZES RIOTS LIKE THOSE AT ATTICA or the New Mexico State Penitentiary that most of us are forced to think about prisons at all.

Our society has attempted to lock away anyone, male or female, who deviates from norms, and who is vulnerable, into mental institutions, hospitals, handicap facilities or prisons — there, preferably, to forget about them.

In "good times" liberal attitudes are most prevalent. The 60's saw important changes in law and prison reform. But in periods such as the present, when economic recession causes social service cutbacks everywhere, rehabilitation becomes a costly frill and concepts such as civil liberties are out of vogue. Reflecting the public's attitude of caution and restraint, the government allocates less money to corrections. What resources are made available are earmarked for "law and order" and security. Criminals and prisoners as people are not a priority.

The problems and needs of women generally have been overlooked for centuries. It is not surprising that when any discussion about prisons does take place, it invariably relates to the situation of men. Certainly the very small number of generally disruptive female inmates in this country, (about 700 in all provincial and the federal institutions, compared to over 21,000 men) and the much smaller number of females than males who come into conflict with the law on any basis (in 1972, 545,112 men were charged in Canada compared to 60,560 women) contribute to the neglect of the female offender.

But a more critical reason for her low visibility is the culturally dominant definition of what is female. Men have viewed women as inherently secretive, strange and even dangerous. Fueled by the beliefs of men like Cesare Lombroso, the first criminologist, and Freud, women have been defined as well-adjusted when they display an image of sweetness and purity and adopt a role of dependency and passivity. The theory has it that female deviants have not managed, due to psychological or physiological factors unrelated to the world around them, to overcome their intellectual and biological inferiority sufficiently to conform to society's expectations of what is female. Thus, women, well-socialized by this definition, have come into conflict with the law in small numbers, and usually for "female" crimes related to prostitution and abortion.



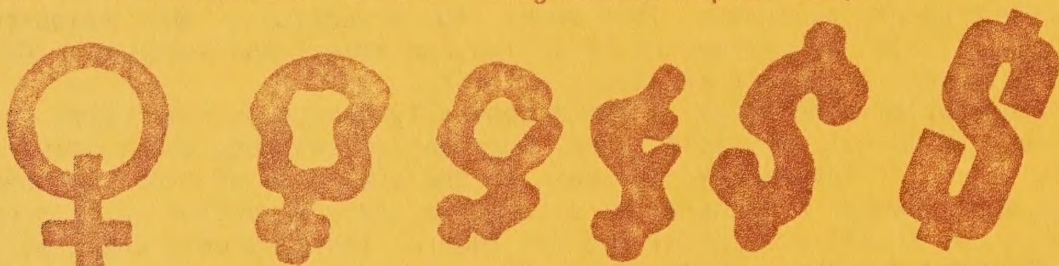
In addition, the entire legal system has treated women more leniently than men. For if crime is seen as a rebellion against established values, and if women are labelled too frequently as criminals, women would then be rebellious. The carefully controlled balance between the sexes would obviously be breaking down. A better solution has been to prescribe dissatisfied women prescription drugs or admit them to mental institutions.

There is evidence, however, that the patterns are changing. Between 1964 and 1974, the number of women charged with Criminal Code offenses increased by 176%, while for males the increase was 74%. In those 10 years, the number of females charged has increased in a higher percentage than men in every offense category except for rape and other sexual crimes. The largest increase in females charged occurred for offenses against property—namely fraud (up 306% compared to 59% for men), breaking and entering (up 278%) and theft (up 276%).

For males, the most significant increases (although still lower than the increase in females for similar offenses) occurred in violent personal offenses — attempted murder/wounding (up 146%), murder/manslaughter (up 140%), and robbery (up 123%). Drug offenses increased by 2,713% for women and 13,158% for men, though these statistics also reflect changes in the law and in recording systems.

The women's movement has had an impact on the consciousness of every level of womanhood in North America. The vision of middle-class feminism has been that women too can become stock brokers, pilots and executives. Women have aspired to those roles of middle-class men which bring economic gain and status. It is known that men who come into conflict with the justice system are predominantly poor and come from backgrounds which place them in a disadvantaged position to compete legitimately in society. It may well be that the rapidly increasing number of women who are charged with criminal offenses come from similar backgrounds, but have no longer accepted their traditional role as the wife/mother who holds the household together, and are now emulating the male roles to which they are daily exposed.

While it is disturbing to see that violence as a reaction to their environment appears to be increasing among women in the same proportion as men, clearly given the type of female crime primarily on the increase, women are chiefly interested in improving their financial circumstances. Female offenders are women and as such experience the same discrimination in employment and training which affects women in general and women in lower socio-economic and minority groups in particular. It is little wonder that they have broken into the ranks of illegitimate capitalism.



Conviction rates too for women have increased. In 1949, the proportion of arrested women who were subsequently convicted was 79.4%; by 1966, the conviction rate had risen to 90.26%. Between 1968 and 1972 the conviction rate for men and women charged with criminal offenses was identical — 88%. The only discrepancy is found in conviction rates for offenses under the Narcotic Control Act and for offenses against property with violence, where the rates for women are lower. But the gap between men and women convicted in the latter category has narrowed from 20% in 1968 to 12% in 1972. Not only are police more willing to arrest a female offender, but judges too are prepared to convict. When the social fabric is threatened by unemployment and crime, it seems that the system will sacrifice the myth of what is female to maintain social control.

Non-incarcerative sentences are increasing for both men and women. Between 1968 and 1972, 80% of all females convicted of criminal offenses received dispositions such as fines or probation. This trend is at least partially a response to the high price of incarceration. In 1977 it cost \$101.30 each day to keep a woman in the Vanier Centre, Ontario's facility for women given any sentence under 2 years less 1 day. Also, light sentences are in keeping with the type of female crime; in 1975 80% of female theft charges were for shoplifting.

There is only one facility in all of Canada for women sentenced over 2 years less 1 day, the Kingston Prison for Women. Kingston has a cell capacity of 168, and Vanier has a capacity of 130. There are over 70 federal institutions for men. Limited cell space too has an effect on sentences. Nevertheless, whereas 93 women were on the rolls at Kingston in 1970, 200 women had federal sentences in 1977. The proportion of male federal inmates to females was 77:1 in 1966 and 48:1 in 1977. Despite the alternatives, with higher crime rates there are bound to be more women in prison.

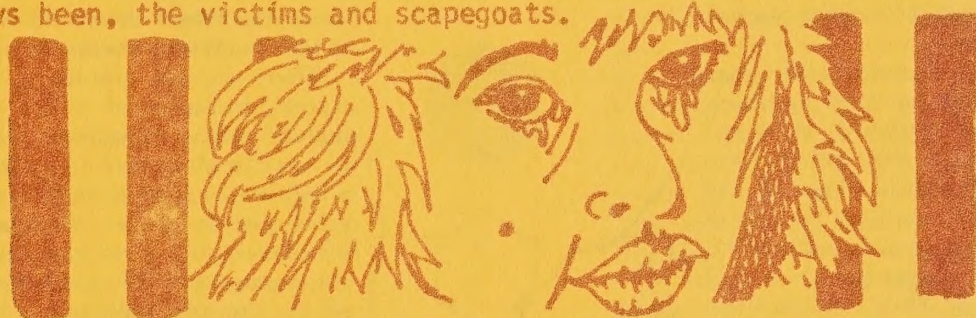
The belief that prisons are necessary to protect the public from law-breakers is an illusion since most offenders are not in prison. But of the women in the Kingston Penitentiary in December 1977, 37 were convicted of narcotics charges, 17 for fraud, 16 for robbery, 6 for break and enter and 19 for other crimes. Only 32 women were convicted of "dangerous" crimes: 19 for manslaughter, 9 for murder and 4 for kidnapping. So 90% of all female prisoners are no more of a threat to society than the thousands of other



offenders (both convicted and never caught).

Prisons do not rehabilitate: social service workers have been cut back; institutional work programs are largely irrelevant. Women from across Canada are forced away from their families to Kingston. When they leave, they are often totally unprepared to function successfully on the street. For too many, life inside becomes easier. They know the staff, have their friends, are fed, clothed and understand the expectations. They return. In 1977, 56% of the Vanier population was under 24 years old; the 2 year recidivism rate determined in 1974 was 37%. Prisons do not deter — the rate of crime is increasing.

Prisons do function as a form of punishment for a handful of women. By making an example of those most desperate and sometimes damaged few, prisons act as a vehicle of political coercion and as a weapon against the poor. Who is caught is not an indication of the extent of the crime. As middle class women become executives and managers, it follows from the data that they will also become embezzlers and party to such moral crimes as environmental pollution. But they will not be sentenced to prison. Women who come into conflict with the law, particularly those who are imprisoned, are those with few options. These most disadvantaged women are, as women have always been, the victims and scapegoats.



Has the goal of the women's liberation movement simply been to overthrow stereotyped female roles to allow women to share equally with men ulcers, status, high incomes, criminal activity, arrests and convictions depending on one's class? Crime will not be eradicated without a radical change in our values and a drastic restructuring of our social and economic institutions. Prison reform necessitates a reduction of prison population, the restoration of human rights and a reduction of authority. Money is available in our society — it is a question of where it is going. Public pressure is needed to bring about the recommendations of the many reports written since the Kingston Prison opened in 1934 — the Archambault Report of 1938, the Ouimet Report of 1969, the Report of the National Advisory Committee on the Female Offender of 1977. Funds must be allocated to community agencies working with female offenders to find housing and jobs, and for counselling in social skills. And those very few who must now be segregated because they are dangerous require a much more appropriate facility.

Women who go to prison have demonstrated their unwillingness to remain in traditional roles, in relation to their social context. They are stigmatized for their social class. Labels such as convict, applied to increasing numbers of women, can insidiously reinforce limits of what is acceptable behaviour for females. Women as a class remain in a very tenuous position and cannot afford to be divided along socio-economic lines. We cannot afford to misunderstand the struggle of other women. The politics of prisons is far more complex than symptomatic riots.

The women's movement is the most powerful social force today because it is founded on the premise of creating options for all women, and men, to live the most fulfilling lives possible. A critical gauge of its success is in what way we are indeed our sister's keepers.

THE FREE PRESS

Rick Salutin

When I was in Mozambique two summers ago, the newspapers frequently carried headlines like, 'Party Rectification Campaign Going Well.' At first I found this disconcerting. It seemed an odd way to report the news. After a while it came to seem more commonplace; in fact I took such headlines as a reasonable shorthand for what actually was going on in the country. Then, when I returned to Canada, an odd thing happened. Canadian newspaper headlines began looking bizarre to me. They contained terribly crude psychological interpretations of important events ('Carter Talks Tough') or the most trivial non-stories ('Torontonians Love Our City!'). It was as though by an optical illusion I had acquired the ability to see ludicrous distortions in what appeared ordinary to everyone else — akin to entering a Hall of Mirrors. Some time later that 'ability' disappeared and I can only conjure it up these days by staring with great effort at the front page of the *Toronto Star*.

It is this kind of optical effect that the new two-volume work by Noam Chomsky and Edward Herman* may have on your daily intake from the press and media. Part of the authors' purpose concerns the role of the American press and media in interpreting and supporting the world role of the U.S. They refer to these institutions as the institutions like to think of themselves — as the Free Press, no quotation marks. They let the ironies of the phrase emerge by themselves through the book.

Their conclusion is that, most of the time, the Free Press serves, 'in effect, as a propaganda agency for the state.' They argue that 'What enters history in the U.S. . . . is a version of the facts that suits the ideological requirements of dominant social groups; other interpretations, whatever their merits, are simply swept aside . . . so effective is the system of indoctrination and thought control that many people who have been critics or skeptics are caught up in the well-orchestrated hysteria.' The Free Press presents a version of events as uniform and subservient to the need of those in power as does the directly controlled press of, say the Soviet bloc. In fact, the authors claim, 'To achieve this result without explicit government censorship is the genius of the Western way.'

These are broad statements about the Western press which have been made before. The difference here is that the claims are made only in the wake of an enormous documentation. Anyone familiar with Chomsky's writing during the War-in-Vietnam years, will probably have been awed by his grasp of all the relevant material, his near total recall, and his precise, almost compulsive, marshalling of it. Here he does it again — moreso. The above statements — fairly schematic-sounding in themselves — drop out, after 659 pages of text and 178 pages of footnotes, almost as understated summaries of what has been (if anything over-) proven.

The case in which the authors test the mettle of the Free Press concerns the reporting of terror, violations of human rights, and bloodbaths, throughout the world. What is the character of the reporting done in the Free Press on these topics? The authors distinguish a number of categories which determine the kind of treatment such events receive.

There is, for instance, 'benign terror', instances of which do not directly affect American economic or political interests: Burundi, where two hundred and fifty thousand people were systematically murdered by a tribal minority government in 1972; South America, where literally millions of Indians have died as a direct result of official genocidal policies; or East Timor, where one-tenth to one-sixth of the total population of six hundred thousand have been massacred since the invasion of the country by Indonesia in 1975. These events have simply gone unreported — or abysmally underreported — in the Free Press. After all, where is Burundi? Then there is 'constructive terror'. This refers to countries whose repressive regimes promote policies profitable to U.S. corporations and government. Often these regimes have been installed, supplied, and/or sustained by American aid and expertise — including the equipment and technique of torture. Chomsky and Herman recite a chilling list: Indonesia, where the head of security announced a half million

* *The Political Economy of Human Rights: Volume I, 'The Washington Connection and Third World Facism,' Volume II, 'Postwar Indochina and the Reconstruction of Imperial Ideology.'* Black Rose Books, Montréal.

Africa

'communists' killed following the 1965 coup; Thailand, the Philippines, the Dominican Republic — and a bloody tour of Latin America: Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Guatemala ('The number of Guatemalans murdered (by government forces) since 1966 is approximately equal to the 22,000 killed by the earthquake (in Guatemala City) on Feb. 4, 1976.'). The sources are always given and the authors inevitably choose the lowest, most 'pro-American' estimates on murders, tortures, exiles etc. available. The litany is overwhelming but hardly familiar.

Contrast the scant attention paid these forms of terror in the Free Press with the virtual obsession with terrorism, or what the authors call 'retail violence', i.e. that done by individuals or non-government political groups such as the IRA or the PLO. The coverage has been massive; who is not aware of such events? Yet the total number of deaths from such actions between 1966 and 1976 was six to eight thousand; in Argentina alone over the same period Amnesty International estimates thirty thousand people disappeared following arrest or seizure by government or quasi-government forces.

The Free Press is most relentless however in its search for what Chomsky and Herman call 'nefarious terror'. This refers to violations of human rights associated with communist, socialist, or generally anti-Western governments. The authors note for instance that the trial of one Soviet dissident in 1978 received more U.S. newspaper space than *thousands* of official murders in Latin America. Why? Such stories serve a purpose, or two. They establish that the 'worst thing' that can happen to a third world country in the American grip is 'national liberation'. Also, 'exposure' of such terror in communist states is 'needed to show that while we are awful they may be worse'. This will damp down domestic protest against U.S. foreign policy and disincite the search for alternatives to the current system.

The Free Press had counted on this sort of 'nefarious terror' breaking out in Vietnam following the American withdrawal of 1975, and had confidently predicted a 'bloodbath'. When this did not materialize The media latched onto Cambodian violence (where reprisals did occur) as a drowning man seizes a lifebuoy. The situation of Cambodia is discussed elsewhere in this issue of *ThisMag* (page four) but it is worth noting that the saturation coverage of refugees from Cambodia occurred during a period in which nearly four hundred thousand Asians became refugees in less than a year, including up to two hundred thousand Bengali who fled Burma in a two-month period;

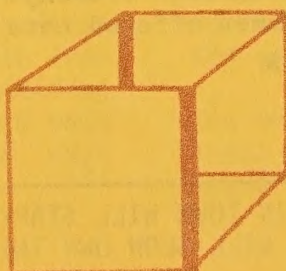
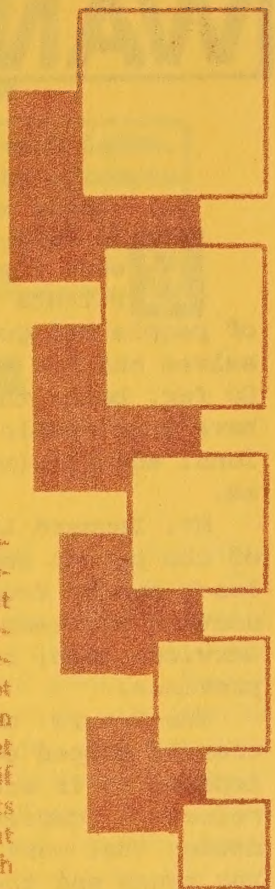
meanwhile two million became refugees in Africa, including one quarter million from Zaire; there were one hundred forty thousand refugees from the Philippines, one quarter million in March 1978 in Lebanon due to Israeli attacks, and several hundred thousand others in the face of Syrian bombardments; as for Latin America: one-half million refugees from Uruguay, seven hundred thousand from Bolivia, over one hundred thousand from Nicaragua, and so forth. Compare the coverage *all* these received with the attention to refugees from Indochina — or more recently the 'boat people' in particular, and wonder why.

(Chomsky by the way is no apologist for terror in 'communist' societies. He is a fiercely independent socialist, of a libertarian, anti-Leninist stripe, and an almost doctrinaire anti-nationalist. He does not maintain that violations of human rights do not exist in say, the Soviet Union or Cambodia — but that if American liberals and journalists were genuinely concerned about amelioration, they could do much more to affect things within the American sphere of influence than outside it. It is the hypocrisy of the concern of the Free Press for human rights — but only where it serves U.S. policy interests — that the authors find galling.)

Once their case has been clearly established the authors rightly allow their outrage and frustration to show. A *New York Times* report on Vietnam mentioned 'substantial tracts of land made fallow by the war'; they call this 'a phrase that would have made Orwell gasp.' They describe and exhaustively footnote the incredible 'Babylift' of 1975, when America literally kidnapped thousands of Vietnamese children to the U.S. — most not even orphans! They wrote *Newsweek* urging coverage of the slaughter in East Timor; *Newsweek* replied, 'With the responsibility of covering important developments from every corner of the globe each week . . . we cannot report on a stable situation.' That week, say the authors, 'Newsweek had met this awesome responsibility with a cover story on electronic toys'. The flood of stories on Cambodian atrocities carried in such mass outlets as *TV Guide* (circulation nineteen million) and *Reader's Digest*, was often accompanied, say the authors, by an 'agonized plea to "break the silence" that could barely be heard above the din of protest.'

All this is depressing but it is also a tonic at a time when the American press has grown extremely self-congratulatory, preening itself on its 'independence' during the Vietnam years, its instrumentality during Watergate (Robert Redford as a journalist!), and its heroic expulsions from Iran and Afghanistan. Simply on Vietnam, Chomsky and Herman point out that the U.S. press, though

(Cont. after Poetry Section)



WANTED . . .

by Greg Scott

 THE LIFE SKILLS PROGRAM began around 1973 in Springhill Institution, when the educational services were contracted to the Memramcook Institute of New Brunswick. In September of last year, after hundreds of people had gone through the program and had learned something about themselves and the world they live in, the institution had to close the door. So far, both the institution and the Nova Scotia Department of Education have been unable to fill this position with a qualified coach, despite national advertising and requests to the two facilities which train the coaches.

Mr. Leonard LeBlanc, the Deputy Warden for Education and Training section of the prison supports the program completely. He stated that as soon as a coach can be found the program will resume operation. The Department of Education has been continually requested to fill this gap in the educational services here, but is unable to free any coaches from other locations in the province.

The future of education in the Corrections Service of Canada has been clearly mapped out, and things will be getting better for people who want to improve their schooling and make themselves more likely to find work after release. Commissioner Yeomans has already shown that he is dedicated to the notion that work is good for us, as we have seen with the extension of working hours and the attention paid to work habits and attitudes within the last year. To quote a recent memo from Ottawa on the subject may illustrate the lofty notions wafting our way from the capital.

The central concern of education is to help guide the process through which a person becomes as complete a human as he can ...and to develop people with a greater and more organized knowledge of themselves, their society and the world around; ...with a sense of purpose in life, and with the moral values which respect the worth of the individual, justice, fair play, and fundamental rights, responsibilities and freedoms.

These aims are accepted by the Correctional Service of Canada....

Moreover, Commissioner's Directives and the Manual of Standards for Adult Correctional Institutions both state that inmate's needs must be met. Life Skills, as it describes itself meets these needs, using the workshop approach, where people are not so much students as participants. Life is studied through five perspectives: self, leisure, job, community and the family. The Life Skills course aims to train people as effective problem solvers and users of opportunity.

Mr. Arden Thurber, Head Social Development at this institution feels that the program, although no longer seen as the panacea it once was, is still worth having around. He also points out that there is some debate as to where in a person's sentence the Life Skills training would best serve the individual. At the end of the sentence, emphasis could be placed on the skills needed for gaining and retaining employment, life in the community, dealing with street situations, etc., or earlier, when the person is just entering prison, and could use both some period of adjustment and some skills at adapting as well as solving personal problems. Irregardless of opinions on the timing of the course, one thing comes through clearly: everyone who has had any contact with the life skills courses offered here believes that they should be restored as soon as possible.

ONE LAWYER IN TOWN WILL STARVE TO DEATH;
TWO LAWYERS WILL SOON OWN THE TOWN.

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

Everyone Benefits ...

New York Times
April 24, 1980

To the Editor:

William Kenneweg deplored as a waste of money the expenditure of funds for conjugal visiting facilities at Green Haven Correctional Center (letter April 12). This conclusion shows a failure to adequately evaluate and understand the worth of conjugal visiting to prisoners, their families, correctional institutions and society.

For prisoners and their families, conjugal visiting affords an opportunity to re-establish and renew the essentials of their relationships. Although the sexual aspect is important, participants value conjugal visiting most because it allows them to communicate and relate in private. This contact and family involvement gives the prisoner the psychological and emotional support necessary to survive incarceration. The prisoner's morale improves when he sees how his family is doing and knows his position in the family remains secure.

Similarly, these visits benefit the unincarcerated spouse by providing the reassurance and assistance he or she needs to cope with the hardships the spouse faces. And conjugal visiting can be of extreme importance to children. The child who confides, discusses, touches and interacts with his parent during such visits may avoid the psychological and behavioral difficulties which otherwise accompany the loss of a parent. Conjugal visiting minimizes the disruption and pain these innocent family members suffer.

Institutions and society also gain from conjugal visiting. The prisoner who maintains strong family ties cares little about institutional politics and games. Consequently, the prisoner cooperates with the institution and presents few discipline problems. Furthermore, conjugal visiting alleviates unfounded worries and frustrations, with the result of reducing the overall tension level of the prison. Homosexual activity, a major source of prison conflict, may also lessen when prisoners can have sex with their spouses.

For society, the value of conjugal visiting lies in its potential for reducing recidivism. The prisoner with family support is better prepared mentally to return to life on the outside. Having a home with emotional, and possibly financial, support facilitates reintegration into the community. Additionally, the family relationship gives the inmate increased incentive to stay on the outside.

Mr. Kenneweg complains that with conjugal visiting, "People who rob, rape, murder, etc. can live better than taxpayers." He has forgotten that, whatever their failures, these are still people with human needs and emotions. To pretend close human relationships can, should or will be instantly destroyed is to cruelly ignore reality. The removal of an individual's freedom of choice and action suffices to punish without depriving the person of the most fundamental and human experience of the family relationship.

In light of the benefits of conjugal visiting to society, prisons and families, the expenditure is a useful, practical, farsighted and humanitarian provision. I applaud the Legislature for its action.

JONNA SCHUDER

The writer, a law student, did paralegal work for the Oregon Prisoners Legal Service.

THE LATE GREAT

UNIT EIGHT

by Al Baltzer.



COUGH, COUGH, HACK, HACK, BLUH, bluh, blick, cough, hack. This is terrible! Here I am all locked up solid at 10:00 p.m. trying to write an article and I can barely see the paper. So you figure I got a cold or something, eh? Well, I do... but that never stopped me before, and it would hardly be an excuse for not being able to see the paper in front of me -- excuse me a second, I've got to open the window -- of me.

The problem is that the smoke hasn't quite cleared. What smoke? Why the smoke from the three burn-outs in two days is what smoke! Yep, friends, things really are exciting here in NUMBER EIGHT. In less than 48 hours we've experienced a peak in what STU would call "inappropriate and unacceptable behaviour" that hasn't been surpassed since '78. Three burn-outs, a face lifting and a skull rearranging. Well, you know, the natives do get restless. I don't really understand it. It doesn't happen on a university campus... does it BERNIE?

Well, to hell with it; let's get down to something that's a little more serious and leave that crap to someone else. TUP wanted me to tell you his buddy, MAC QUAK is going farming. DARCY and I got the only two hits in a 12 to zip defeat by NUMBER ELEVEN the other night. After clobbering NUMBER TEN 23-3 a few nights before and dropping NUMBER ELEVEN in the Season Opening Tournament 11-6, our sails kinda got deflated... so much so that we were a 'no show' for our next game against NUMBER NINE. Speaking of getting sails deflated, RUFF RUFF

got the wind taken out of his and, believe it or not, he's been less "assertive" and a heck of a lot easier to get along with since.

I don't know exactly how it happened but somebody got their FREDs mixed up. The one that belongs on B RANGE ended up on A RANGE and the one who belonged on A RANGE ended up on B RANGE. It might work out okeh though 'cause DONNIE won't have to go so far for a good argument anymore. Speaking of A RANGE, DAVE'S going home, but not till he's convinced ROB that he can do the COB. That reminds me, SUMMERTIME showed up, got a parole and RICKY hasn't been seen since. KARL got a new backgammon game. Now all he's got to do is find someone to play with. DAISLY made a break taking an apple and a peanut butter sandwich with him. He stopped to eat out back of the chapel and they nabbed him on the second course.

Well, you thought it was a great job when WAYNE got burnt in the poker game, eh. Well, guess who got the last laugh and guess 'who' he got it on. It just didn't seem very funny at all when I saw him buying smokes and coffee with my money.

Well, I'd better stop. So long for now and a special good-bye to MARK and BRIAN (chuckle, chuckle). Me and MAC's gonna pull a JERRY C. on those two.

Oops... before I go I'd better give you an update on MIKE'S condition. The bruises are healing, no fractures as yet, so I guess RICK is getting slack. What a Bonnar, eh DOUG!



N-N-NUMBER N-N-NINE

by Chico Wooden
Unit Range Rep.

I'VE BEEN ASKED TO DO A WRITE-UP ON the unit; so I'll start by saying that already NUMBER ELEVEN and NUMBER TEN felt the sting of UNIT NINE'S "A" LEAGUE TEAM. That's the way we are... As Ali would say, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee."

I know "B" LEAGUE is just laying low and waiting to spring into ac-

tion. So you other "B" league teams watch out! Go getum, Guys.

Our CANTEEN is back in operation, and seems to be doing A-okeh. The Temporary Absences are coming on pretty good and, Hey, Guys, it's summer! Hope you don't get the summertime blues, but then, who doesn't?

Well, let's keep the good work up and show people we've got it. Good luck to the guys going home soon. ♪



THERAPY IS...

by Last of the Lard

HELLO FELLOW SHUT-INS. ONCE AGAIN I will try to give you some idea of what's been happening and what's being planned in the near future of UNIT TEN.

It seems as the COMMUNICATOR publications become more regular the harder it gets to write an article; after all, there isn't much to write about in the whole institution let alone doing an article pertaining to just one unit. But I shall give it my best shot.

Just four months ago the accounting department established a schedule for units to put on sales. Our unit's month is July and already we are in the process of planning it. We wasted no time in putting our ideas to a vote and unanimously decided to have a BOOK SALE. The unit's very capable Discussion Committee is presently in the process of finalizing details and all should be ready to go come the early days of July. Also in the planning stages is a GAMES NIGHT for the unit which I'm sure will be enjoyed by all the unit members.

In my last article I mentioned that the unit had a new CAMERA OPERATOR; well, once again, the camera has changed hands. The newest operator is roving cameraman, FRED "TWIGGY"

BEATON. We're very confident that he will do a fine job. He makes only one request to the population and that is "Don't ask to have pictures taken unless your request is accompanied by a LU²-signed TRUST FUND FORM."

Much to the delight of the card players, the pinball machines as expected spend a lot of time "out of order." It has been heard that the odd card player pins his own "out of order" sign on the machine.

The unit's BALL TEAMS seem to be going in opposite directions. The "B" BALL TEAM is undefeated while the "A" TEAM is trying hard but hardly struggling along.

There is to be a ballgame between staff and unit members in the very near future. The game is hopefully going to be played in LION'S PARK in downtown Springhill. Let's hope the staff can give us a more competitive game of ball than they did in hockey. But we are sure that with "Crusher" DOBSON on the mound the game will be fun to watch and the path around the bases will be well worn.

I guess that's about it for this time around. Hope you have a good and sunny summer. ♪

ELEVENTH

HEAVEN

by Hadji

Idatolyahso

GREETINGS, BROTHERS OF THE GREEN. Once again I, your humble servant, take tripewriter in hand to bring you more strange tales from the Mystical Writings of Baba Buford. The Sage of the Age is off (and I really mean off!) voyaging through the Upper Spheres, seeking further wisdom and enlightenment, to share with us in future missives to come. However, he has left me a manuscript containing a strange tale entitled:

THE INVASION OF THE SLEEP SNATCHERS

During the many lifetimes I have been the faithful scribe and disciple of the great Baba Buford, I have heard many strange tales and witnessed many strange and mysterious events. No tale could be as unusual as the one which I am now going to relate to you.

In the sacred month of Joon, in the dim hours of Lokup, during which the Guru habitually indulges in mystical meditations of the deepest profundity, pondering such deep and salient questions as, "Wither goest the illumination within the frozen Cave of Kee Chen when the Mystical Doors are closed?" Let him who has ears hear and understand! The Great Guru had just submerged himself in his customary trance when sounds began to make themselves heard to his large, finely-attuned ears. Sounds so horrible as to defy description, as though the very demons of the Pit were clamoring for more souls to engulf in torment.

Courageously, the Baba arose and encircled himself with the Robe of Mystical Protection when suddenly the sealed door of his Crypt opened itself and a strange band of intruders entered, led by one who carried in his hand a silver wand which emitted a strange radiance which burned not, but emitted such brightness that the Great Guru was paralyzed by its glow. He sat amazed as these spirits flowed around and through his Crypt as though seeking he knew not what. They flowed silently around the very walls of the Crypt and as mysteriously as they had appeared, vanished into the night. The spell broken, the Guru stepped to the door of his Crypt, but there was no one. Mystified for the first time in his many lifetimes, the Baba stood in thought and then he understood! These strange visitors were the spirits of the Dark, seeking souls to devour. How fortunate, mused the Baba as he returned to his trance, that he had had the foresight to cast about his shoulders his Mantle of Protection bearing upon it his Sacred Numerals, which add up to the mystical number XXI. Let him who has eyes understand!

I must leave you now, Brothers, but I leave you with the Great Mantra of Sesame -- "Misery is the Highest Degree."

Farewell.



DRAWING THE NEWS - FROM THE INSIDE

by Ken Maher
Staff Writer

Amherst Daily News



REGULAR READERS OF THE AMHERST DAILY NEWS AND THE CITIZEN MAY HAVE noticed a new feature on Page 2 of the latest editions - political cartoons with regional and local flavor.

They're the contribution of IBERT HOLLAND, a 21-year-old inmate at the medium-security institution in Springhill.

For the past year, Holland's art has graced the pages of the COMMUNICATOR, a magazine produced in a tiny office at the prison, but this is the first time the young Fredericton native has had his work published "outside."

Though his magazine work reflects a view of the world only those behind bars can see, the cartoons have a more universal appeal to local readers, especially when familiar faced and familiar issues start cropping up.

One might wonder where a man who has spent most of the past couple of years behind bars can find inspiration for his funny and close-to-the-bone comments.

The answer comes when you watch him scan a copy of the latest paper: his eyes flit from one headline to another, looking for something that sparks a question.

That questioning is the essence of his art, as he explains it:

"I see something in the paper, and I say to myself, 'How come nobody is questioning this? I'm not a writer, so I can't write about it. I do a cartoon on it.'"

A brief note in last Thursday's Daily News, for example, about the lack of support for a dance to raise funds for the Amherst Daycare Centre, sparked his interest, and a cartoon resulted.

Browsing through Friday's paper, he spotted the headline Labs Unsafe?, and the old light over his head lit up, and that will probably turn up a thought-provoking cartoon before long.

Holland was a comic freak in his boyhood, but he wasn't content to just read the things. He started tracing his favorite characters, then progressed to copying the intricate lines of Spiderman, Batman and Green Lantern.

It wasn't long before he was drawing free-hand and developing his own style in the process, though he admired the work of comic strip cartoonists like Peanuts creator Charles Shultz and Johnny Hart, who gave us B.C. Then he picked up a department store art course marketed by John Nagy. That helped him concentrate on the techniques of drawing, and all the while his ideas were turning into sketches and cartoons.

Getting his work into the local market means more to Holland than getting his name in the paper and picking up a few dollars for it.

It could be a factor in getting him out of prison and into the Nova Scotia College of Art next fall. The

WHAT'S GOOD FOR MICHELE,
IS GOOD FOR YOU!



parole service thinks his plan to study for a diploma in graphic design is a good one, and having a portfolio of published material won't hurt his chances of getting accepted at the school.

After getting through the course, he'd like to do the layout and graphics for a magazine, and he's confident that's what he'll be doing a few years down the road.

For now, he's getting into another project - a series of pen-and-ink sketches of Nova Scotia scenes - something that will bring more recognition and a few more dollars.

The work on the COMMUNICATOR is not suffering in the meantime. Instead, it's getting better, and this month's edition introduces a character who should be instantly recognizable to everyone who has done time - Robin Hoodlum - who, besides starring in his own strip, will also pop up now and then to offer commentary on COMMUNICATOR articles.

The Robin Hoodlum strip will be Holland's chance to add his sardonic two cents' worth to the regular and feature articles that fill the COMMUNICATOR. Robin will from time to time run up against an over-zealous corrections officer, but Holland says he's not out to do the good-guys-versus-bad-guys routine - he just wants to illustrate the prison experience as he sees it.

Besides gleaning his information

from outside publications, the prison cartoonist has one source of information and social comment that gives him his uncanny ability to zero in on the real issues as seen by people in the country and the Maritime region.

"Sometimes I draw on conversations with the staff," he says. "They're local people and they reflect what the community is thinking about—that way people can pick it up quicker."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Kerry has been accepted by the N.S. College of Art & Design for admittance this fall, one example of what sometimes happens around here in the way of guys getting themselves together and going on to better things. We've been trying to give him away for the last year (he's no respect for his elders) but it took the Amherst Daily sNews to recognize what we'd been saying all along. Maybe a picture is better than a thousand....



Y'KNOW IF I ESCORT YOU ON
A PASS YOU'LL HAVE TO BE
HAND-CUFFED AND SHACKLED



THAT'S O.K., MY GIRLFRIEND'S
KINKY THAT WAY TOO!



California Launches Large-scale Wind Project

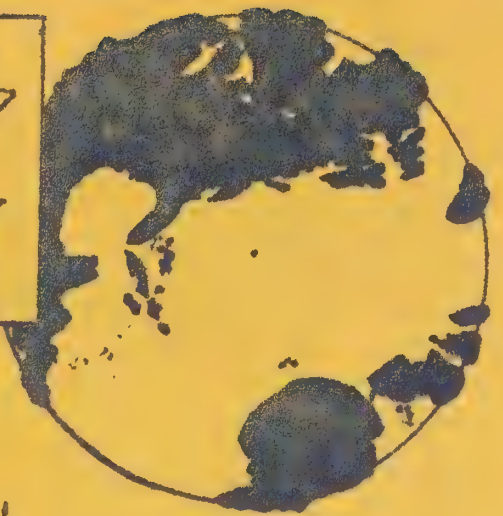
Wind energy is going from backyard demonstrations to a large-scale system that will provide power for 1000 people in a gusty California valley and save an estimated 175,000 barrels of oil a year.

U.S. Windpower Associates, a private company, is building a series of 20 windmills in Pacheco Pass, 80 miles south of San Francisco, under a state contract. Once the windmills are in operation, the state will buy power from the company at rates equivalent to those for power from other sources.

Each of the 20 units will generate a maximum of 50 kilowatts. The windmill's blades will turn in a 50-foot circle on 150-foot high towers. Each tower will hold three generators. If successful, the company will build several hundred more windmills at Pacheco on a state-owned site, and in other areas of California. Winds in Pacheco Pass average 15 to 20 miles per hour, making it one of the most favorable sites in California for the experiment.

Under the agreement between U.S. Windpower and the state Department of Water Resources, the state will buy 2.5 million kilowatt hours of electricity from 1981 to 1983 at three and a half cents a kilowatt-hour, about the going rate for electricity from coal-fired or nuclear plants. U.S. Windpower says it is keeping costs down by constructing a series of smaller units, rather than a few large units. For more information contact: Woody Stoddard, U.S. Windpower Associates, 25 Adams Street, Burlington, Massachusetts 01803, 617/272-6340.

AS I SEE IT



INMATES WILL WORK IF PAY IS SUFFICIENT

by Karl Polzer
Staff Writer

Kingston Whig-Standard



MOVE TO SPING THE WORK ETHIC BACK TO FEDERAL PRISONS WOULD BE WEL-
comed by many convicts if the government does a better job of greas-
ing their palms in return for their labour.

Inmates at Collins Bay prison should be given real jobs and increased pay, GEORGE WATSON, newly-elected chairman of the institution's inmate com-
mittee, said in an interview.

PRISONS ARE WAREHOUSES

"Right now the prisons are warehouses (for humans). Change them to factories," Watson suggested. "Most of the guys in here would be willing to work if they were getting paid for it."

Two members of the inmate committee at Millhaven maximum-security prison agreed.

"If they give us industry in here and give us minimum wage and let us pay our taxes, we'll turn this place right a-round," BRYAN REYNOLDS, secretary of Millhaven's inmate committee, said.

Reynolds and committee Chairman LARRY SAUVE said that providing paying jobs and the implementation of family visit-
ing are two proposals among the most im-
portant to Millhaven inmates.

Millhaven warden John Ryan said that Ottawa plans to give federal convicts a pay raise this fall, but he is not sure of how much. Most now earn about \$1 a day.

Watson said that only about 30 of the 360 convicts living behind the walls of Collins Bay now hold industrial jobs.

He conceded that many convicts at the medium-security prison are involved in beneficial programs like going to school or learning a vocation.



MAKE-WORK JOBS

However, Watson said that most of the remaining inmates are given "make-work jobs," which are a waste of the taxpayers' money.

He said that the prison system costs roughly \$400 million to operate each year, and he asked the public: "What are you getting for it ... There are some guys in here - they've got so much talent and it's going to waste."

BILL McCABE, a researcher for the John Howard Society, said: "The prison system has never provided enough jobs to employ the number of inmates they've got."

Many prisoners both at Collins Bay and Joyceville medium-security prisons have said that they would rather be hired for prison construction and alterations to the prisons instead of having outside firms brought in, as often happens.

For example, the prisons should have hired inmates to put a new roof on Joyceville instead of bringing in a firm from the outside, Joyceville prisoner HAROLD ROBERTSON said.

LITTLE PROGRESS ON WORK ETHIC

Commissioner of penitentiaries Donald Yeomans has said that he is stressing the work ethic during his administration, but to date little progress has been witnessed in the matter - at least in the prison system's Ontario region.

What I'm proposing is that the government - instead of going to private industry - should start using the manpower in penitentiaries, making the inmates work and paying them a decent wage," Watson said.

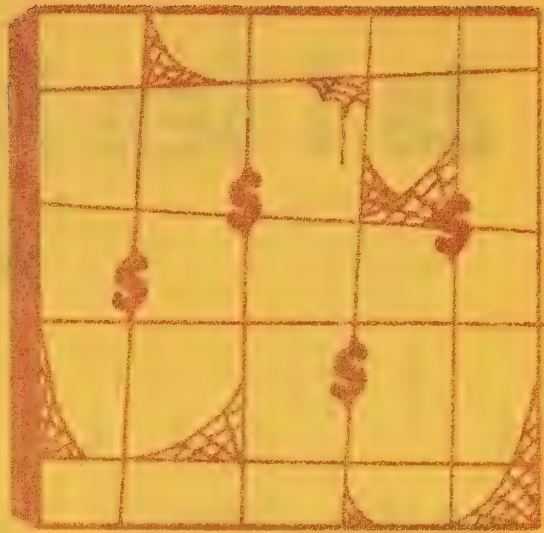
Inmates in area prisons already do this to a limited extent, most obviously at Joyceville prison, located 12 miles from Kingston on Highway 15.

An industry staffed by convict employees should be started at Collins Bay, similar to Joyceville's Pilot Project, where 40 convicts now earn up to \$2.85 an hour, Watson said.

In comparison, wages for the vast majority of convicts range from \$7 to \$8.25 a week.

A.M. Chapman, director of industry at Joyceville, said recently that he would like to expand the project's market from government jobs to those in the private sector.

Since 1976, the experimental Pilot Project has been selling products like shelving, mail boxes and lockers to government agencies. But Chapman said that Joyceville's sheet metal shop could easily make parts for the automotive or appliance industries.



PROJECT TESTED AND PROVEN GOOD

Watson noted that the "Pilot Project" has been on the rails long enough for the Correctional Service of Canada to decide whether it has been a success, and, if so, how it could be expanded.

From a prisoner's point of view, the most important thing of all is that they're going out with enough money so that if they're going to return, it's going to be strictly because of choice, not from necessity," Watson added.

Meaningful work also would help relieve the destructive monotony of prison life, he said.

In a previous interview, Joyceville prison's Dr. Stanley Webb made a similar comment after describing how he treated scores of cases of hypochondria each month.

DECISION MUST COME FROM OTTAWA

Warden Ryan said that he "fully believes that work is a good thing," but developing a competitive industry at Millhaven and finding markets for its products would be a problem that would have to be dealt with by higher-ups in Ottawa.

Last week, Watson received more than 80 per cent of the vote as he was elected the Collins Bay inmates' spokesman.

Previous committee chairmen had been selected by representatives elected from each range in the prison.

However, Watson said that he requested a general election before accepting the chairmanship in order to prove that the prison population supported him.

Prison authorities had labelled him a "radical," who speaks for himself and not for the average inmate.

A Montreal native, Watson, 50, has served 15 years of a 34-year sentence for bank robbery.

EDITOR'S NOTE: George Watson is the most quoted prisoner in Canada and, because I have been reading him for years, I doubt that he actually said "making the inmates work"... What was probably said would go something like, "Inmates who want to work at factory jobs should have the option of doing that, and while doing it should be paid at least the minimum wage -- and, by minimum we don't mean 'the least you can get away with paying them....'"

MARGOLIANS

AMHERST, N. S.

MEN'S, LADIES' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
FURNISHINGS AND FOOTWEAR,
ALSO HOME FURNISHINGS



SUPPORTS THE COMMUNICATOR

CORPORATE CRIME ANGERS NADER

WASHINGTON— Consumer Activist RALPH NADER said that the FBI should start a 10 most wanted list for corporate criminals. "Corporate crime... is at an epidemic level," Nader said at a House of Representatives judiciary crime subcommittee. He said there is a double standard of punishment for white collar and street crimes. And even when the federal government moves against business abuse, Nader said, the results are often insignificant.

from "News Briefs International"
the Prairie Messenger

Saturday Night Swindle

There's something like a love song
on the radio.
There's something like a heartache
I feel down below.
There's something like my buddy
going out at ten
to invest in the Saturday Night Swindle
and blow his wad again.

I was never good at gambling.
I don't like to take the chance.
But I'd lay down my whole hand
just to see that mother dance.
I come off like a fool at the table.
I'm such an easy mark.
I'm a chump at the Saturday Night
Swindle
I just attract the sharks.

If you don't call back this time,
I'll just say the deal is shot.
There's something like a little pride
that the worst of us have got.
There's a low-moaning train leaving
Reno town at ten.
I don't intend to be taken
by the Saturday Night Swindle again.

© Mimi Mathies
Los Angeles

taken from LOOK QUICK, Box 4434, Boulder, CO 80306

N.S. govt. sells out to Michelin

WITH THE ENACTMENT OF THE "MICHELIN Bill" by the Conservative government in Nova Scotia this past December 28th, Canada has taken another step along the "sell-out" path.

Sell-outs to foreign multinational companies to attract foreign investment and the jobs they bring is of course not new in Canada. Our governments have been handing out generous tax incentives, outright grants, tariff protection and other financial goodies for many years. But the dangerous precedent set by the Nova Scotia government is the determination to go beyond the gift of public money to the trade-off of an important human right, the hard-won right of workers to organize unions.



Foreign multinational companies, wooed by governments all over the world can afford to play hard to get. They demand and usually get all kinds of concessions and "incentives." Take the case of the Michelin Tire Co. Its initial investment of \$100 million in Nova Scotia included a \$50 million loan at six per cent from the provincial government agency Industrial Estates Ltd., a provincial grant of \$7.6 million for employee training and \$21.9 million in grants from the federal government. Later, another \$30 million loan was extended by the provincial IEL for an expansion programme. These provincial and federal hand-outs to Michelin were so generous that the U.S. government imposed countervailing duties on Michelin's Nova Scotia exports to the U.S. on the grounds of unfair competition with U.S. based producers.

But these handouts failed to satisfy Michelin. When it looked as though the United Rubber Workers Union might succeed in organizing Michelin workers at the Granton plant in the fall of 1979, rumours began circulating that Michelin might seek a site outside of Nova Scotia for a large new investment. The company was also rumored to be considering closing its existing plants if a union were certified. The provincial government, threatened with the possible loss of the single largest employer in the province, lost no time. On Dec. 3, the Conservative government introduced Bill 98, an amendment to the Trades Union Act.

Bill 98 requires a union to organize all inter-dependent plants that are commonly owned in the province before it can represent any of them. The "Michelin Bill" as it became known, since it was tailor-made for Michelin to prevent the unionization of its two Nova Scotia plants, was rushed through the legislature. Since it applies retroactively, Nova Scotia labour unions charged it was drafted specifically in order to nullify a certification vote that had already been held at Michelin's Granton plant.

The United Rubber Workers of America had earlier signed up 40 per cent of the workers at the Granton plant, the percentage legally required before a certification vote can be taken. The counting of the ballots for this certification vote was delayed by legal wrangling over who could be included in the bargaining unit. Now they will never be counted. On February 13, 1980, the Nova Scotia Labour Relations Board, in its first interpretation of the Michelin Bill, ruled that the Granton ballots not be counted.

On Dec. 4, the day after the "Michelin Bill" was introduced in the Nova Scotia Legislature, Michelin announced plans to invest more than \$100 million in a new tire plant at Waterville, N.S. It also announced the expansion of two existing plants. All of this adds 1,800 workers to the 3,600 already employed by the company in the province.

The Nova Scotia government will point to the new jobs as proof of the effectiveness of their approach. But we need to ask whether the price we are asked to pay for this kind of "development" is not too high? What handouts will foreign multinationals demand next?

There is no end to the concessions multinational corporations will demand in return for new investments or even for keeping present investments here: more lenient pollution controls, more relaxed health and safety standards; more tax write-offs, grants and low interest loans; and government policies that will help to keep wages down and make unionization difficult. The logical conclusion of this "sell-out" model of development can be seen in countries like the Philippines, Chile, the Dominican Republic and Haiti. There, where unions are banned or severely restricted, wages are at starvation levels and pollution and health and safety regulations are almost non-existent. The vast majority of the people of these countries do not benefit from this form of "development." But they pay the cost not only in the form of economic hardship but all too often in political repression — the ultimate expression of this path to "development."

The Nova Scotia Federation of Labour

together with church groups, community associations and civil liberties organizations organized a major campaign against the Michelin Bill. GATT-Fly supported their struggle by sending a telegram of solidarity and added its name to the many groups and individuals opposing the bill. Although the bill has now been passed by Nova Scotia legislature, the struggle is not over. Labour is continuing a policy of non-cooperation and non-participation with provincial government bodies; the bill is being challenged in the courts and work is beginning now to help ensure the defeat of the Conservative government in the next provincial elections.

The struggle against measures like the "Michelin Bill" are of vital importance if we are to preserve hard-won rights. We cannot claim to be in solidarity with peoples in the Third World who are struggling against the violation of human rights if we are not involved in struggles to defend basic human rights here in Canada.

Published by GATT-Fly, 11 Madison Ave.,

Toronto, Ontario Canada M5R 2S2



atlantic wholesalers

"serving the Maritimes"
grocery distributors to the independant retail trade

Head Office
Sackville, N.B.

The city of NEW ORLEANS is devising a plan which will have the convicted felon pay the cost of his own court proceedings. According to Salvadore Anzelmo, the City Attorney, "The saying used to be 'crime doesn't pay.' We're going to change that to 'criminals will pay.'"

Deadly New Game At Woman's Pen

by Ed Donnelly
Vancouver Free Press

Feb. 15, 1980

PCU—OUTSIDE OF THE PRISON INDUSTRY THOSE CALL LETTERS MEAN LITTLE, but inside the walls they brand a prisoner for life. The letters stand for Protective Custody Unit, the prison within a prison where inmates who are in danger of being beaten or killed by other prisoners in the main population are kept.

It is where the child molesters, "skimmers" (rapists), ex-police officers, prison guards, etc. (who have been convicted of crimes on the outside), and most importantly where the prison informers, "rats" and "stoolies" are placed.

NORMALLY, the plights of PCU prisoners are overlooked in the turmoil surrounding the prison system as a whole. But, the recent grisly uprising at the New Mexico State Prison, where prisoners who no longer enjoyed the "protection" of the administration were mercilessly tortured and murdered by other prisoners on the loose, has sent shudders through the penal system.

Most of the New Mexico victims were identified as informers or other outcasts of prison society.

Locally, the trial of eight former B.C. Penitentiary prisoners in the beating death of another prisoner — a former armoured car guard — and the scheduled transfer of a dozen B.C. Pen PCU inmates to the new maximum-security Kent Institution have highlighted the role of PCU in the overall prison scheme.

NOW, A DANGEROUS NEW TWIST in the use of PCU, a new-style "protection" racket, appears to be developing at the Oakalla women's prison in Burnaby.

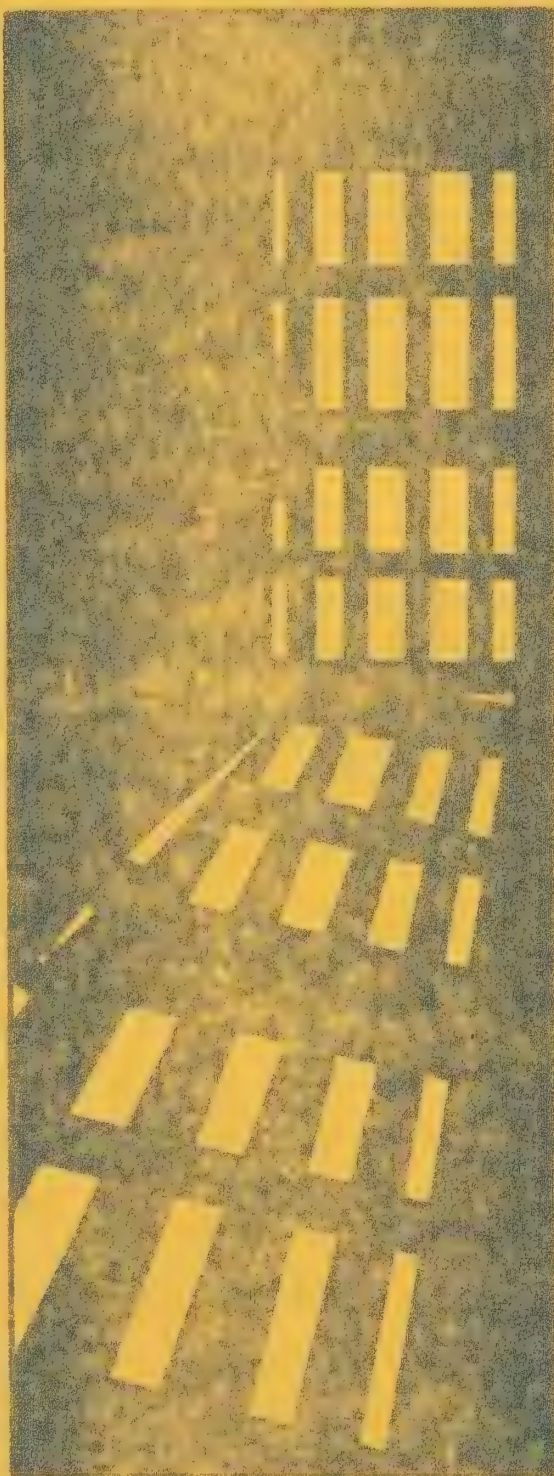
It's not exactly the old underworld extortion scam, pay-up-or-trouble-will-find-you, but its effect can be just as chilling: it can result in discord among the prison population, permanently ruining the reputations of some prisoners and possibly even leading to innocent people being hurt badly.

Here's how the Oakalla situation seems to be unfolding: supposing you have a restive prisoner population that simply won't quit complaining about how bad the conditions are, how harsh and arbitrary the discipline is and how out-of-control is the day-to-day running of the institution.

You can't just throw the "ringleaders" in some dungeon in hopes of cutting them off from the other prisoners. There's already been too much publicity to warrant such heavy handed tactics.

INSTEAD, YOU MOVE TO ISOLATE THEM by creating an aura of "criminality" around them. You make them outcasts, and then move them — or offer to move them — into isolation cells for their own "protection."

Once they are in the protective custody unit (PCU), they are in serious danger of being labelled as stoolies. It's a tag they would have to fight to shed for a long time to come.



THREE ACTIVISTS in the current round of strikes and smash-ups in the women's prison have already gotten this treatment.

Oakalla staff claim that two of the activists had made enemies among some other prisoners, and therefore had to be isolated. They were only let out after 15 days when they signed a document accepting responsibility for their own safe-keeping.

ANOTHER ACTIVIST prisoner was also described as being in danger and possibly needing protection.

The official explanation when the three prisoners persisted in their criticisms of the administration: They were just trying to win back the esteem of the other prisoners.

The truth is that the three activists have always enjoyed the solid respect of other prisoners. Any hassles were of a decidedly minor nature, and would ordinarily have been overlooked.

In one case, the prisoner got into an argument over a bottle of shampoo—not unexpected when six people have to share one room. But the authorities seized on the incident, and shipped her off to protective custody.

Then a second activist got sent down because she was the first one's friend. As she said, "I told them I didn't need it, but when they insist enough, you know, you have to go."

The third activist avoided going to PCU when she raised a stink over the fact that it was actually the guards who were setting her up for a beating. She publicized the fact that at least one guard was telling other prisoners that "no one will be punished if she gets hurt."

Warden Marie Peacock has now embarked on a policy of stonewalling the news media. All reporters have now been cut off from the prisoners—all except the pliant JACK WEBSTER, who was conducted on what has been described as a ludicrous tour of the prison last week under the watchful eye of the officials.

For a week previous to the Webster's "inspection" the staff had been engaged in a mad cleaning spree, washing and painting the walls, stocking the library, changing the tablecloths and mattresses. They even opened up the long-dormant sewing room for the day, to show what sort of "vocational" opportunities the prisoners have.

"You wouldn't have recognized the old place," said one anti-Peacock guard. "God, what a snow job."

Webster must be the most gullible reporter to ever come down the pike, according to some staff and inmates. He never seriously questioned the line he was being fed, and he waltzed right past any prisoner who tried to set him straight.

THE PCU CONTROVERSY at the Oakalla women's prison is just one of a curious constellation of related phenomena orbiting the current trial of eight former B.C. Penitentiary prisoners charged with murdering another prisoner—the former Loomis armoured car guard. That trial has been lurching along for a month now, and the end is nowhere in sight. The evidence of the alleged crime may be the official topic under examination, but it's getting harder to stay attentive when such a wide range of side issues are crowding in.

8

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The theme that runs through all of it is protective custody.

For instance, the victim who was allegedly stomped to death in the Pen gym, was a prime candidate for PCU because of his former job. Two of the main eye-witnesses brought forward by the prosecution will never be able to leave PCU now that they have testified against other prisoners.

Just as the trial was getting underway, the Pen announced that about a dozen PCU prisoners were going to be transferred to the new maximum-security Kent Institution near Agassiz. This sent a shock wave of fear through PCU, and the daily papers headlined the prediction that there would be "blood on the floor" if the transfer were completed.

Add to that some statements about the trial broadcast by a radio hot-liner, which are now being studied by the officials for possible contempt of court action, and the indication that at least some of the defendants had a role in the recent smash-ups in the Oakalla men's prison.

In the Fall of 1976, a B.C. judge declared a mistrial in a case involving a Pen prisoner accused of assaulting a guard. The reason for the mistrial: the publicity surrounding the riot going on at the Pen at that moment made a fair trial impossible.

PRISON GUARDS: They Can't Escape Either



FILE THIRTEEN

by Jennifer Hunter
of The Gazette, Montreal

THE MEN WHO KEEP WATCH on the rapists, murderers, robbers and drug dealers in our federal penitentiaries say they feel like prisoners too.

Government laws and an oath of secrecy prevent them from publicly discussing their jobs. When there's an incident at a prison, a hostage taking or a riot, the guards say they aren't even allowed to discuss the situation with their wives.

They agreed to talk to THE GAZETTE only if their anonymity was ensured.

The laws that force them to "keep their mouths shut" are unduly constraining, they say. But what's even worse, it's a job that's with them 24 hours a day. No matter where they are, no matter what they're wearing, they are always seen as guards.

And the risks on the outside can be almost as great as dangers to their well-being inside the prisons.

"Inmates who have been released could recognize you on the street," said one man who has worked for the Canadian Penitentiary Service for eight years.

"There are certain spots in Montreal that we just can't go. Certain taverns. And we keep away from the Main."

He tells stories of guards being beaten by inmates, stories about death threats, and stories about property damage.

One guard who decided to go to a bar for a drink after work inadvertently left his uniform cap on the dashboard of his car. He returned

a few hours later to find his car smashed to bits.

The warden of Archambault, Andre LeMarier, recently received an anonymous call threatening his life.

The caller reminded him of what happened to judge Armand Chevrette last month. Chevrette, who worked in the internal courts at Laval and Archambault prisons, passing judgement on inmates who had broken prison regulations, was shot in the head in his Outremont home. He remains in hospital under police guard.

LeMarier says he has to ignore the call, even though his predecessor, Michel Roy, was shot to death by three men in front of his home in Point aux Trembles two years ago. The murder has never been solved. For LeMarier, there have been many threats, but never an attempt on his life.

The guards, too, accept the perils of their job. They deny inmate complaints that they are abusive or insensitive. They say they expect prisoners to complain.

"There are rules we have to apply," said another guard who has been in the service for two years. "There are some inmates that just don't like guards, that don't like our uniform or the type of authority we represent."

The guards, who have been given the title of correctional officers, are referred to as "screws" by the inmate population. They accept this good-naturedly. They also accept other verbal slurs tossed their way.

Fighting back could mean a loss of their job, or it could enrage inmates to the point where a riot might erupt. "Sometimes when I pass

by the cells they call out to me, 'Your mother is a bitch,' 'Your wife is a dog.' What can I do? I just have to shrug it off," said another guard.

Aggravation like this, the threat of prison violence, the dangers of the outside, force many guards to quit. Of the 1,000 guards who work in federal penitentiaries in the Montreal area, about 350 leave their posts each year, according to the Public Service Alliance, the union which represents the guards.

But the guards insist, "the inmates aren't our worst problem."

A worse enemy, they claim, is the administration.

The guards feel they have no clout to fight the system. They aren't allowed to go on strike, can't air their grievances publicly, and often don't have the education and experience to find another job.

The minimum requirement for their work is high school education and three years of work experience. The starting salary is \$13,500. Their contract expired last October, but negotiations between the Public Service Alliance and government have broken down and an arbitrator has been called in.

Since they can't strike, they are hoping the arbitrator will at least win them a substantial salary increase.

"We are machines," one lamented. "And there's very little we can do about it."

Prison is a lonely place to be, especially when you have no-one on the outside to visit you, or send you letters. Even worse is when your family and friends, those people whom you love so, promise to do things for you while you are in but don't.

People shouldn't make promises they don't intend to keep, especially to a person who is locked behind prison bars.

And when they don't keep their promises, they shouldn't be surprised that when they come to see you you tell them you don't want to see them. They go away, wondering why, but the reasons should be obvious.

These same people will wonder why you don't want to see them when you finally get out and are free. They'll wonder why you want nothing to do with them, forgetting that they messed you up when you were inside.

And they'll get so hurt when you tell them all to "Go to Hell" and that you don't need their help, even though you do.

And that's what makes prison life such a lonely thing.

Paul Wayne Marshall
aka Fast Loose the Goose,
Chairman, Black Inmates Assoc.

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No parole said 'monstrous'

By DOUG WHITEWAY, Communications, Winnipeg
From the PRAIRIE MESSENGER, Muenster, Sask

WINNIPEG (WH) — The 1976 amendment to the Criminal Code denying parole for 25 years to persons convicted of first-degree murder is a "monstrous act," the executive director of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Crime told an assembly of workers in the criminal justice field here recently.

Addressing a seminar on "De-institutionalization and its implications for the residual prisoner" for the Manitoba Society of Criminology and the Winnipeg Branch of the United Nations Association of Canada, William McGrath suggested that the use of imprisonment as deterrent needs to be revised if justice is to be met for all parties concerned. There are too many people in jail already, he said, and it has not been shown an effective deterrent to crime.

However, he suggested to his audience there were at least two other groups besides those with a propensity for violence for whom imprisonment may, after all, be necessary.

"There may be an awfully good case to use imprisonment or institutionalization to back up a community disposition," he said, referring to offenders who are sentenced to make restitution by working in the community or who are on probation and then commit a further offence.

"If we are overly permissive we encourage citizens to undertake their own defence," he added, "and that can breed community discontent and lead to violence." But in consequence, he warned, we have to be prepared for higher numbers in our prisons.

The second group for whom he suggested prison may be the only possible deterrent would be those in-

involved in large-scale crime or crime of a corporate nature.

"We are a little odd in the way we view crime," he noted. "We don't tolerate small crimes done to us but the big ones which have no connection to us we don't seem to mind, even if they pose a greater problem to our society as a whole."

However, it was unclear, he pointed out, how de-institutionalization would affect "residual" prisoners — those prisoners most likely to remain incarcerated even under a more liberal imprisonment policy. "We have nothing in terms of hard facts about the effects of long-term imprisonment," he said.

He pointed out the year 2001 would be the first year when those sentenced to life imprisonment after 1976 would be eligible for parole. By then he estimated there could be 1,500 such people in prison for first-degree murder, meaning a sudden pickup in the pace of possible parolees.

He expressed hope that the present Criminal Code would be amended, allowing an earlier possible parole. But in the meantime, he said, there will have to be consideration of the psychological ramifications of long-term imprisonment, whether residual prisoners should have a semblance of "control" over their lives in the jail and even how jails should be designed.

He told the audience it was important to determine the minimum time period for psychological deterioration to take place. This, he said, would determine the redundancy of added years of incarceration and so help to establish a policy which would aim to reduce the need for long sentences. **A**

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Halifax, Nova Scotia

The JUSUN is published
monthly by the Ecology
Action Centre.
Phone: (902) 427-4411

'Prisons cause disease... destroy human beings'

by Robert McClory
National Catholic Reporter
Kansas City, Missouri

IT SHOULD BE NO SURPRISE THAT prison inmates have such a high rate of emotional and physical illness, says JANE KENNEDY, the Chicago nurse who spent 27 months behind bars for her participation in a 1969 Vietnam war protest. "Prisons cause disease," she says. "They are, by definition, barbarous places which destroy human beings."

Kennedy, who teaches nursing at St. Xavier College in Chicago, is part of the self-help health care workshop team which visits women's prisons in an effort to upgrade health awareness and improve care. The workshops are sponsored by Women Today, an organization which includes the National Coalition of American Nuns and a variety of Protestant, Jewish and Catholic groups interested in the religious dimensions of women's liberation.

Kennedy, who first learned of Women Today when a team visited the federal prison at Alderson, W.Va., during her stay there, believes an "enormous need" exists for churches and church-related groups to address the issue of sickness in prison.

"It's directly related to a religious matter, the issue of guilt," she says. "We have too long pictured a God of thunder and lightning who punishes sin with terrible vengeance. Those who are in prison are to see themselves as the truly guilty ones. They are deprived of any reasonable self-image. They become the victims of awful depression."

In that context, says Kennedy, stress tends to express itself in illnesses ranging from hypertension to diabetes. The situation is particularly acute in women's prisons, she adds, because so many inmates worry desperately about their children. "An astonishing number of their kids are put into foster homes," she says, "and the mothers have no assurance they'll ever get them back. They are utterly impotent."

Women inmates, frequently afflicted with gynecological illnesses or complaints, usually receive a superficial medical diagnosis, says Kennedy, because few gynecologists are available to them.

Prisons will continue to devastate inmates, she believes, until people understand their real function as outlets for society's guilt. "Somehow, putting people away helps those on the outside assuage their own guilt. They want to know someone is being punished. So prisons are always supported by poor, rigid people who don't know how to love or how to be vulnerable, only how to build walls and how to sacrifice someone else to a pagan god."

Such Neuroticism, says Kennedy, is a reflection of the general illness of society—an illness the churches have a preeminent responsibility to address. As a first step, she recommends a push for the development of decentralized, half-way house kinds of prisons for the nonviolent, so that convicts would not be totally deprived of self-determination and illness-causing isolation while serving their sentence.

Through its health care workshops and its weekend in prison programs, Women Today is trying to help prisoners recapture a measure of self-esteem, says Sister Margaret Traxler, a School Sister of Notre Dame who is director of the organization.

"It's an undisputed fact that women receive inferior medical care in prisons compared to men," she says. "Even those places which try to meet the needs, like the women's division at Cook County Jail in Chicago, have problems, since there are so few women doctors and fewer yet qualified gynecologists."

According to Traxler, Women Today health workshops stress tips on nutrition balance because prison catering services are often poor, and unbalanced diets result in obesity among many of the women.

Above all, says Traxler, an effort is made to raise morale and offer hope. "The biggest health problem is the feeling there's nothing left to live for," she says.

The Women Today weekend in prison program, now active in four prisons and one major jail, is geared toward assisting women with legal problems, stimulating interest in the arts and encouraging career development. "Do you realize," says Traxler, "that 66 men's prisons in the U.S. provide vocational courses, but only six women's prisons do? It's the old sexist assumption that women don't deserve or need a marketable skill."

Even where little chance exists to change the institution, Women Today has experienced positive results from its intensive journal workshops, in which prisoners learn to put their alienation and loneliness in writing. "We're trying, and I think we're making some impact," says Traxler, "but it's so little and the need is so great."

May 16th, 1980...

While touring the COLOURED CHILDREN'S HOME in Dartmouth, N.S., Black Inmates Association Chairman, PAUL WAYNE MARSHALL (aka Fast Loose the Goose), on behalf of the B.I.A. presented a one hundred dollar cheque to MRS. JANE EARLE in appreciation of the work she and her fellow workers are doing at the Home.

AFTER A WEEK IN THE HOLE IT'S KINDA NICE TO GET BACK OUT AND ENJOY THE SUN AND THE AIR.

IF

If you
Were true
To me
You see

You know
I'd go
To L.A.
And stay

Never drink
I think
No dope
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I'm sad
If you
Were true.

Murray Douglas Bonnar Jr.
Springhill, 1980



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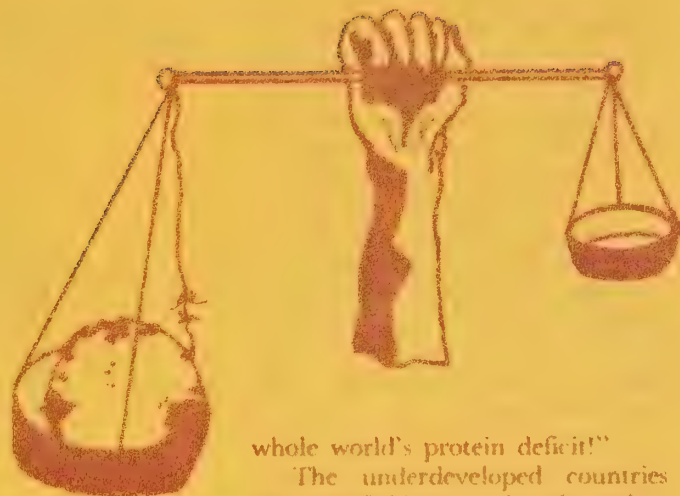
Discussed by
BENEDICT WILSON, H.O.M.

I WAS FIRST introduced to the concept of *protein complementarity* by a friend of mine who sent me the book *Great Meatless Meals*. It came at a time when I'd been questioning some of the "Protein Myths" that I'd grown up with, as an unconscious devotee of what the author calls, "the Great American Steak Religion." Some of my friends were vegetarians and, contrary to my expectations, they were not "sparing out" from malnutrition. After eating a few of those "great meatless meals," I was convinced of one thing: They tasted great! So I went out and bought *Diet for a Small Planet* to find out how these dishes had been put together.

According to the principle of protein complementarity, you can combine one protein source that is deficient in amino acids with another food that is strong in those missing amino acids to get a perfectly balanced protein. Using this principle it is actually possible to increase the *net protein utilization* (NPU) of two or more foods beyond their combined total. I found that there are many foods whose protein contents are higher than meat, and also many others whose NPUs are higher than meat.

But why, you might ask, should I decrease my meat intake? Well, aside from rising meat prices, and well-known health reasons, Frances Moore Lappe documents the need for political, ethical and ecological considerations, as well.

Until I read *Diet for a Small Planet* I, like most Americans, believed that the solution to the world food shortage was primarily technological. We have been led to believe that, if the underdeveloped nations could experience a "Green Revolution" similar to the one that has taken place in the United States in the past forty years (through the use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides), they could enjoy the same prosperity that we have had in the West. As other authors have revealed the negative effects of "mining the soil" in this way, Mrs. Lappe has focused on the economic and political obstacles to an equitable distribution of the world's food. To quote the author: "This commonsense ethic...spring from my discovery that in 1968 the amount of humanly edible protein fed to American livestock and not returned for human consumption approached the



whole world's protein deficit!"

The underdeveloped countries are underfed because they depend on expensive imported food. They import food because they've become "economically hooked" on raising non-nutritive "cash crops" -- like coffee, cocoa, tea, cotton, etc. -- for the wealthy nations eat up all but five to ten per cent of their income from exports. Also much of the land in the underdeveloped countries is owned or controlled by international agribusiness which is motivated by economic considerations.

This book further reveals how the United States is not the great benefactor most Americans would like to think it is. "Food for Peace" was little more than a "surplus disposal program." Although we are the greatest supplier of grain and soy to the world, most of it goes to other wealthy nations who can afford it. And they, like us, feed over fifty per cent of it to livestock. Meat, particularly beef, has become a symbol of status in our nation trailing only behind the car and the TV. It is associated with strength and, particularly, masculinity. And this image was aided and abetted by the advertising media.

Our meat consumption has doubled in the past forty years, since the dramatic increases in the productivity of our soil. Livestock, particularly the steer, was chosen as the most efficient way of getting rid of our increased surplus of plant protein. The steer eats sixteen pounds of plant protein for every pound of meat produced. And there's more profit in feeding it to steers than in feeding it to people, because beef is considered "valuable" by the wealthy. So what does this mean in terms of your everyday experience? "Set yourself at a restaurant in front of a eight-ounce steak and then imagine the room filled with forty-five to fifty people with empty bowls in front of them. For the 'feed-cost' of your steak, each of their bowls could be filled with a full cup of cooked cereal grains!"

Further, mounting evidence indicates that our cultivated land has been all but depleted of its resources and is on the verge of collapse. Nation after nation in the Third World is asserting its independence from the economic tyranny of the wealthy. Those that rely upon the sale of cash crops are forming cartels to raise and

control the prices of these luxury items so that they can begin to address the real needs of their peoples. Necessity will soon compel us to end this profligate waste of feeding humanly edible protein to animals.

Frances Moore Lappe shows us how we can begin a conversion in our own personal lives and how we can move our country toward policies "that both maximize the earth's potential to meet our nutritional needs and, at the same time, minimize the disruption of the earth necessary to sustain us."

In summary, this is an eye-opening book that details an amazing picture of food patterns around the world. Its facts point the way toward new attitudes for people everywhere if we would meet our nutrition needs.†

Fr. Benedict Wilson is a priest in the Holy Order of MANS.

2

My Life

M.D.B.

That's me

7 2 0 3

Never free.

Just a number on a computer tape
There is no escape
Another con
No bright new dawn.

Second class
Not like the mass
Different from the rest
Never be the best.

At first I was mad
Now I am only sad
The rest of my life
Living by the knife.

Murray Douglas Bonnar Jr.
Springhill 1980

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Bob!

Downer day for bad-luck Bob

by Duncan Thorne

Edmonton Journal

Saturday, April 19, 1980

FRIDAY WAS LOUSY FOR FEDERAL Solicitor-General BOB KAPLAN.

His plane caught fire on the way to Edmonton from Ottawa.

Courtesy of his office, a news service reported in full a speech he later delivered only in part.

Among the comments he did make he congratulated Alberta for its achievements in a program which hasn't started.

Mr. Kaplan was on his way to Edmonton by government Jetstar and had just taken off after refuelling in Winnipeg, when the flight attendant smelled smoke. The crew put out an electrical fire, enabling the flight to continue.

When he gave his speech Friday night to the John Howard Society of Alberta, he left out at least one comment news stories reported him in advance as saying. Canadian Press, working from a text supplied by his office, quoted him that treatment of criminals is "not entirely worthy of society."

When The Journal asked him why he left that part out, he said he hadn't seen what his speech writer intended him to say — and did not know what the proposed comment meant.

But in his efforts to warm the audience he lavished praise on Alberta's co-operation in rehabilitating prisoners. He singled out the province's native counselling service for its innovation, referring to the successful Nojack work camp — which has yet to open.

COMMITTEE NOTES:

by Drew Hennessey
Chairman, Inmate Committee

I THOUGHT THAT THE PREVIOUS ENTRY IN THIS SPACE WOULD HAVE BEEN MY LAST, but the editor of this publication threatened to bar me from his office where I sometimes go for a pit stop and to bum a coffee, and also as a hideout at times from the madness and mayhem. I shall try to keep this within the boundaries of the subject I plan on discussing; namely, the FAMILY VISITING DAY held here on SUNDAY, JUNE THE 15TH.

Apart from the spell of rainy weather (I can't apologize for that as I have no control over it) the day went over well, with only a few minor problems. I was somehow or other finagled into acting as the Master of Ceremonies for the entire event. It seems there was a lack of communication somewhere between the workers and the organizers. I think if there were five more people in the room I would have gotten stage fright and been too nervous to make any announcements; but, I was told that a good job was done and I feel a little satisfied with myself.

As I have already said, only a few minor problems occurred, which were easily handled by the guys who pitched in to help throughout the day. Without their assistance in the preparation, setting-up and cooking, we'd all be in a bind. Many times these are the people who are overlooked and taken for granted. They are the guys who deserve the credit and whatever praise is presented.

Another aspect of the day was that it also happened to be FATHER'S DAY, so there were some fortunate guys who got to see their pops or sons and daughters and enjoy their hours together. Not being a father myself, I busied myself for the day by pretending to be a father by borrowing one of my friend's twin sons to stroll around with and feed ice-cream to; they made me feel like a father for a while and I got some hugs and kisses before the day was over, and even managed to meet some good looking women-folk who always seem to bring a warm smile to brighten the day.

I hope that all those who participated (somewhere around three hundred) in this Family Visiting Day had a good time and I wish you all the best of luck and softer paths for your feet to tread. Keep smilin'!



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Shop Talk ~~=====~~ Auto Body Repair

by Joe Basha

IT SEEMS QUITE EVIDENT THAT PENAL INSTITUTIONS IN CANADA ARE BECOMING MORE work oriented every day -- not that I've been in any other but most of the reading material pertaining to the subject leads me to this way of thinking.

I strongly disagree with the methods used to employ prisoners. Most of us are here because of the Almighty Dollar and while inside there is an attempt being made to further motivate us to work at any job which pays nothing but the same old buck. It is my strong belief that prison programmes should put more emphasis on upgrading skills of participants, with education and trades training taking preference, rather than encouraging people to work at dead-end jobs. The people who do educational and trades training courses should be paid top of the pay scale, encouraging them to upgrade themselves rather than continuing to concentrate on the short-term goal of making a few dollars.

From my point of view, one of the most interesting trades available to prisoners here at Springhill is AUTO BODY REPAIR. Although the shop is located in the "warehouse," Number 18 Building, it offers prisoners a chance to learn a skill from an accomplished and capable instructor.

But make no mistake, this is a work oriented shop. Work starts at 8:20 sharp. You are permitted coffee prior to 8:20 and another at Coffee Break, which is at 10:00 o'clock and ends at 10:15 sharp. The morning ends at 11:30 and all tools are put back in their proper place and you wash up for lunch. At 1:20 work starts again and at 3:00 you are permitted another coffee break until 3:15. The work day ends at 4:00 when tools are replaced and the shop is cleaned up.

The AUTO BODY SHOP is definitely work oriented. Loafing and wasting time is not permitted. The shop is run in the same manner as a business on the street, and every precaution is taken to ensure time and materials are not wasted.

Lectures and testing are part of the trade training, and a student must have an average of 75% in order to write the Provincial Exam for the Block One Certificate. It is essential that anyone taking the course have a grade 9 educational background or its equivalency. I personally don't agree with the way the testing and lectures are set up, but I can assure you that if you want to learn a trade and you can stand up to the strict regimentation, the AUTO BODY REPAIR SHOP can be quite satisfying. And with an outside hourly rate running anywhere from slightly over four dollars an hour to just more than eleven, it's a lucrative trade to be employed at on the streets.

A.O.Y. CON-WALK

by Kevin Norman

ON MAY 31ST A.O.Y. COMPLETED THEIR 4th annual CON-WALK to AMHERST. This year five walkers, ERNIE Le BLANC, MARTY SMITH, GATEAN GAUDORY, JOE BASHA and yours truly walked the distance from the front gate to the Little League baseball diamond in Amherst. It was an enjoyable but quite tiring 18-mile trek through some very beautiful scenery; and the weather was outstanding. We were greeted along the way by many well wishers, who at times offered water and fruit.

The walk itself is only a small part of a project that took five months to plan and organize. It is quite difficult to say who was responsible, because it was the cul-

mination of efforts of all the A.O.Y. members. It was a pleasure to be part of something which displayed such an unselfish effort by all its members.

This year A.O.Y. hoped to collect \$6,000 in pledges; the money to be shared equally by Amherst and Springhill Little League, who by the way were at the baseball diamond in Amherst to greet us and challenge us to a game of ball. We were just too tired to play. All we wanted was to rest our dogs and eat. And eat we did; a delicious meal prepared by the Recreation Department of Amherst.

So, through the sprains, the blisters and pulled muscles I'd like to thank everyone who had a hand in making CON-WALK '80 such a success and I look forward to CON-WALK '81.

"SILENT SANDINISTAS"

"NICARAGUA," said Comandante Victor Tirado, "has taught quite a few lessons." One was the successful theory of revolutionary alliances. Another, "the barricades our people threw up in the streets, a method dating from the Paris Commune of 1871 which many thought quite outdated."

Somoza's fate was indeed decided at these barricades of paving blocks, sometimes ten feet high and six feet thick. They stopped the National Guard tanks and defended many neighborhoods which could only be attacked from the air.

This episode is told by Ignacio Briones Torres, third world correspondent in Nicaragua: "The air bombardments were terrific, and when they started killing children, Guillermo Macias, the young man who was responsible for a block in our neighborhood, thought that a confrontation with the Guard might ease up the strafing -- so he decided to weaken one of our barricades. Three tanks got moving with 100 Guards behind each one. The first tank charged the barricade and, as it advanced, five hundred citizens emerged from various streets. The tank driver went crazy -- he couldn't turn around, so they finished him off. The other tanks made themselves scarce leaving the Guards without protection. Thinking the people were armed, the Guards threw down their rifles and ammunition and fled."

The paving blocks became known as "silent Sandinistas" because they accepted without a murmur whatever post was assigned to them. And they did their job everywhere, for all the streets and even highways are surfaced with blocks. Why? Because Somoza owned the paving-block factory and ordered their use in the reconstruction after the 1972 earthquake.

Today the blocks are back in place save for a few which the people used for simple memorials to the fallen. Every barricade had its martyrs and heroes, and the blocks recall their names in red and black letters.

(from third world/No. 4)



NUMBER OF FEDERAL INMATES ELIGIBLE FOR
AND GRANTED FULL PAROLE

	76/77		77/78		78/79	
	#	%	#	%	#	%
Eligible	3,959	100	4,309	100	4,506	100
Granted	1,177	30	1,539	36	1,765	39.2
Denied	1,458	37	1,478	34	2,017	44.8
Deferred	1,324	33	1,292	30	724	16

ARTS & CRAFTS

by DONNA ALLEN

There is a program in the Springhill Institution that has the unique quality of belonging entirely to the inmates involved. These men are responsible for the way it operates, and, on the other hand, does not. There is, of course, a man in charge who, as they say, has a 'free hand.' This man is BORDEN LOWTHER and by saying 'free hand' I should explain my reasoning behind it.

To make a long story short, I must bring out some background information to Borden's previous employment. He started work at Memramcook Institute, teaching there for six years; from there he went to Dorchester maximum-security Penitentiary to work for approximately four years while still under contract with Memramcook. After the contract ran out he continued work at Dorchester, teaching under a personal service contract for another nine months. Finally, to Springhill's good fortune, Borden was hired under Memramcook again to work for the ARTS AND CRAFTS DEPARTMENT of this institution. Thus verifying and confusing my reasoning behind the words 'free hand,' although he must abide by the rules set down and accept the helping hand of ARDEN THURBER, the Head of Social Development here. As for past experience, Borden seemed, like you or I, to be a self-taught professional. A system which seems to have paid off for him. Definitely an inspiration to us all.

The program itself involves approximately 100 inmates who, by order of the institution, must first receive a license for their chosen hobby. To do this, they obviously need a hobby and the supplies required. Once this is done, the rest is completely up to them. At times there can be problems with the supplies, such as application approvals and simply delays in arrivals from such places as Ontario for things like mossette stone. They are rare occurrences and are the fault of no one person.

As for men lacking in funds there are opportunities open for them in hobbycraft. They can borrow \$40.00 from the Inmate Welfare Fund to start their hobby, thus receiving a license. Once he begins to make a profit from his craft, the fund automatically takes back their money

until the loan is repaid. Everyone, therefore, has a fair and equal chance of working at his hobby.

At designated times throughout the year, Mr. Lowther provides courses to train anyone who is interested in arts and crafts. These programs run for two consecutive weekends and the instructor can either be brought in or be an inmate who is qualified. They are paid minimum wage for their time employed, but I was told room and board for this time period is deducted from the inmate instructor's pay cheque.

At the present time the Craft Centre is open for two nights a week aside from being open every day. When talking to Mr. Lowther about the hours he commented on the problem of the men who work in the shops who do not benefit enough from the Centre.

A problem like this and others that occur could be helped by the most important part of the program... the INMATE ADVISORY COUNCIL. This is composed of one inmate from each unit plus a chairman, secretary and Arden Thurber, Head of Social Development. The meetings are scheduled for once a month and the main objective is to hash out problems that may arise. So here lies the perfect opportunity for you who are involved in Arts and Crafts to achieve your objectives and to run the program to the best of your ability.

Plans for the future? There are a number of craft shows occurring this summer and early fall in different regions of Nova Scotia. New courses to be available are in the area of ceramics, and as for the program itself I leave one statement with you, "It's up to you!"

Editor's Note: Donna Allen is one of the students hired for the summer by the government. She is thinking about doing journalism courses, so I asked her to interview the new Arts & Crafts supervisor. She's new and he's new... maybe that's a good place to start from. Maybe starting out with the assumptions Ms. Allen does in this article can lead to a new and improved Arts & Crafts Department here. It's worth a try.



WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD (CONCLUSION)

 COUPLE OF WEEKS AFTER I'D HAD THE MEETING WITH THE CLASSIFICATION bull, I'm standing out in the gym talking with a couple of friends when it comes over the p.a. that I'm wanted in the Dome. It was a Saturday afternoon and we were standing around bullshitting about one thing and another... mostly another, which meant we were talking about scores we'd been on and busting cans. In those days I was hanging out with an old timer who had put in about fifteen solid but who was still considered one of the best canmen to have ever wrapped a chain around a handle and gone in at 9 o'clock. He was a big burly guy, with a high forehead and very large, bulging, washed-out blue eyes, accentuating in his looks the keen intelligence which was his. He used to enjoy kidding me about my using a torch instead of the Black and Decker 5,000 he always used. We'd had some good times arguing about which way was best... his one (two at the most) one-quarter inch drill holes or my three-inch equilateral triangle burn-hole. Since we were doing exactly the same things, both punching, only using different methods, it made for fast-talking, high energy, verbal convolutions which usually began with me saying something like:

"Lookit, Asshole, I haven't got the weight in my ass you've got to hang on the end of a bar and chain, squeezing the shot out of a poor, little quarter-inch piece of electrified twister. I'll stick with my Porto-pak and let Mother Nature take care of the physics and heavy stuff."

"Sure you will, you skinny little piss-ant! It takes a man behind a drill to get enough pressure to get through the armour, but what would you know about anything like that... being from Belwoods Park and all?"

"Yeh, like Parkdale is where all you heavy types, all you pool-shootin', gang-splashin', louder-than-rounder types spend your days standin' around telling each other how big and bad you all are. Ha!"

"Well, fuck you... you're too dumb-headed to know the difference between finesse and raw-jaw; what's the sense tryin' to turn you onto somethin' you can't 'preciate anyway? I'm gonna leave you ignorant, leave you to the soda cracker tins you call cans where you won't get hurt too bad."

The other buddy of ours standing with us was Big Joe Drummond. Joe was a heel-and-toe man who had a cop walk in behind him when he was on the heel in a shopping mall up in Scarborough. Joe was prowling around in a store-room when this rookie cop steps through a door behind him, his gun out and shaking like he's going to drop from fright. Joe told him to relax and put the gun away before it accidentally went off, but the cop only got more scared, backing away from him and telling him to lie down on the floor with his hands behind his head. Joe got scared, standing in front of a loaded .38 with a juvenile behind it, and he lashed out, grabbing at the gun. He got hold of the barrel but the rookie was stronger or more scared than he looked and he held on. They wrestled around the room, the gun between them. There was an explosion, a shot, and Joe felt a powerful kick strike him low down in his guts. He fell to the floor, the cop under him. It wasn't until after he rolled off the cop that he realized that it was the cop who was shot and not him. The kick he'd gotten had come from the back pressure of the gun going off between them, their bodies pressed into one another's.

The cop lost his stomach and part of one hip; Joe got twenty-five years for 'attempted murder' and still carries the burn scars on his lower abdomen. Without a doubt Joe was the finest dude I've ever known. I never once heard him bad-mouth another person and you could always count on him to do the right thing, no matter what the cost to him personally. He spent a lot of time laughing at Bill's and my antics. He also spent a lot of time with me, fanticing about the 'big one,' the one that would retire us to a life of warm-bodied ladies and hassle-free days, with not a uniform in sight... not even a street-car conductor, nobody to tell us what we could and couldn't do, anytime."

The p.a. cut through Joe's, "Come on, you guys, can't you two ever get together without it turning into a name-calling situation, without you..."

"8719, Robbins, report to the Dome... immediately."

"Okeh, guys, I've gotta split. That motherfucker'll be sending the goon squad down to get me in a minute. I'd better go check out what they want, this being Saturday and all. It sure as shit ain't a visit."

After passing through the Dome unmolested and being told my classification bull wanted to see me, I arrived at his door wondering what was going on. Being called in to see a classification department staff member on a weekend was like calling up a social worker on the street at 3 o'clock on a Friday afternoon and expecting someone will be there to answer the phone. His sending for me could only mean trouble... for me.

I knocked at his door and was told, "Come in."

Stepping into his office was like picking up exactly where we'd left off the last time I'd seen him. He was standing, a cigarette in one hand, over in the corner by the filing cabinet, sorting through the mound of file-folders on top of the cabinet with his other hand. He told me, "Take a seat," without looking over his shoulder.

I responded with, "If it's all the same to you, I'll stand. What's going down here? How come you got me up here on a Saturday afternoon? What's the matter? Who's got trouble?"

"No trouble. I have been meaning to call you up over the last two weeks but I wasn't able to because of the number of staff meetings I had to attend." Moving away from the filing cabinet, he walked over behind the desk, butting out his cigarette in the desk-top ashtray on his desk. The nagging feeling that things weren't "right" kept tugging at my awareness, leaving me feeling uncomfortable.

"Come on," I said, "you didn't call me up here just because you had nothing to do... what's going down? What's the trouble?"

"There is no trouble. It is just as I told you. I wanted to continue on with our earlier conversation but I didn't get the time during the last two weeks. I can't understand why you are so paranoid about my calling you

up... is it because it is Saturday and the other inmates will be wondering why you are up here with me? Is that what is troubling you?"

"Come off the bullshit! Don't be bothered trying to put me on the defensive with that old line of shit. You know as well as I do that every con in the joint knows I'm not up here to get good news from you, that you're either laying a number down on me or I've got something going with you that couldn't wait until Monday. And unless you get more to the point of why you sent for me, I'm going back to the gym and finish what I was in-to."

"There is no point as you mean it. I am simply interested in what we were talking about the last time you were in to see me. My family is away at my wife's mother's place for the weekend and I thought I would use what was already an empty day to pick up where we left off... Do you see any harm in that? You seemed interested in what we were talking about."

"I was mildly interested in some of what you had to say but none of it changes my mind on what I should or shouldn't be doing. Why should I give a shit what you think about anything? Since when did you or anybody like you ever give a damn what happened with me or people like me? When was there ever a time when it wasn't people like you who made all the demands on what everybody else should be doing, while all you do is live off what is wrong with the rest of us, while making sure things stay the way they are... with you and your kind giving the orders and cashing in while the rest of us are expected to fall in line behind you, to suck on the big tit in the sky, the one that keeps us on the shit end of the stick. There's nothing you can tell me that I haven't already heard or thought about, nothing that will convince me that I should play the game the way you say I should."

"Now, just one minute," he said, rising up out of his chair, his neck and face reddening, "I haven't been telling you how to live your life... I've told you that you should stop breaking the law or you are going to be spending the rest of your life in places like this, but I haven't told you what you should be doing. I just think there is something in you that is worth saving, worth having outside prison walls, and that you have to learn to recognize that in yourself so you will want to use it and learn to feel better about yourself, learn to respect authority and society."

"What the hell are you trying to do? Here you are talking like a fucking social worker... we're in the heart of a maximum-security prison and you're talking like a fucking social worker. My first day in the joint and one of your asshole security bulls is comin' onto me, wantin' to look up my ass, wantin' to put me down, calling the fucking goon squad on me, throwing me in the Hole. It was me who took the lumps and it was me who was being wronged and fucked around from the first day I walked through the North Gate, so don't be comin' on to me with that social worker bullshit! It'll take more than a soft con to make me think I should be lining up alongside you and yours."

"What did you expect?" he said, moving around from behind the desk to stand at its side, lighting another cigarette. "You broke the law, it was you who committed burglary, it was you who attacked the officer the first day you were in the institution... Prisons are here to give you reason to change your behaviour, they exist to punish and the people who run them are here to make sure you know it is you who has to change. What did you expect?"

"Man, you said a mouthful there... you said it all but you sure as hell don't know it! And that's what's wrong with everything. It isn't just me and people like me... society needs changing. You need changing."

"Now just one minute... I don't have to listen..."

"You're fucking right you do! You're going to. It's people like you who run things and make sure they stay the way they are, so you can hold on to your fat-cat ways. It should be an expensive proposition for motherfuckers like you to work anybody over. It should cost you right on the spot, give you a reason to know that we know who the enemy really is..."

"Get out!" he shouted, moving back around behind the desk, towards the telephone. "Get out before I call security and have you removed! Get out!"

I said in my best whiney, snivelling voice, "Awww, the poor little man is upset... he's angry at the big bad convict... Are you going to call the bad old security officers to come up here with their clubs and shields and the Hole and their righteous indignation and macho defense of all that's good and true? Goddamn... where would the world be without them? Where would this country be? My God, it just boggles me to even think about it!" And with that I picked up the chair I had been standing behind and slammed it down on his desk.

"Get out! Get out of here! You're crazy... you should be locked up,

put away where you can't hurt decent people. You're an animal!"

I slammed the remains of the chair down on the desk again, this time whacking the telephone out of his hand. Pieces of it flew around the room. He dove behind his desk, covering there, while I flailed away at the rest of the room. After tipping over the filing cabinet, spewing file-folders all over the room, I grabbed the desk and flipped it over on top of him. All the while he was screaming, almost pleading:

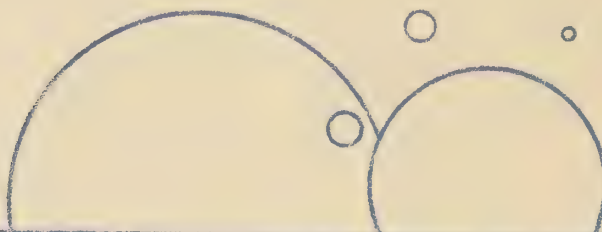
"Stop it! Oh, stop it. Please, you're crazy... you can't get away with this..."

"That's right, you poor simp. Those are the magic words! I can't get away with it! So, who gives a shit!" The heat left my body as quickly as I had let it move in. By this time I was ankle deep in file folders and carbon copies of everything he spent his days doing. There wasn't a thing left in place in the room... It looked like a tornado had passed through. I stood, exhausted, one leg of the chair still in my right hand, a spent club with nothing left to do.

The moment of silence gave him courage and he peeked over the edge of his upturned desk. His eyes were big with fright. His fingers hanging on-to the edge of the desk reminded me of the "KILROY WAS HERE" characters we used to draw on everything we could when we were kids. Laughter rolled up from deep within my guts, filling the room like waves beating against the shore, cresting ever higher on the beach, enveloping the resistance of rock and sand.

I moved back from where I was standing in front of the doorway and said, "Come on out, you silly fucker... I won't hurt you. Jesus, this is ridiculous. Look at you, Jesus. You'd better get yourself some security bulls up here."

As he scurried through the doorway, heading for the Dome, I couldn't help adding, "Oh, yeh, don't forget to give me a call next time you've got a free Saturday afternoon...."



FAUNA FREE PRESS

APRIL 1st, 2053

VOL. 56 #13



HUMAN-ANIMAL INTERCOMMUNICATION DEPARTMENT
... from the desk of RAY REDBOURNE ...

 SOME INFORMATION, FORMERLY BEING WITHHELD FROM NON-HUMANS, HAS RE-
cently been dug up by animal researchers. Published in the FAUNA
FREE PRESS, response from animals has varied from dumb cat calls to
claims of being misled to bark up the wrong tree.

The animals have discovered they have no souls!

Before this most recent blow-up, humans managed to keep their souls se-
cret, by carefully concealing all external indications of soul-possession.
The animal's never even suspected.

Then, a Bible was carelessly discarded, by a Born-Again Atheist, into a manure pile. It was discovered by a rather dull goat. The goat, it is alleged, tried to swallow it whole, and nearly choked to death. It's air supply was cut off for an estimated 8.54 minutes, resulting in some brain damage. Upon being resuscitated, the goat found he could eat it by biting off smaller pieces, without looking and then swallowing without chewing. He did find that sprinkling it liberally with many grains of salt and washing it down with great quaffs of Sacramental Wine made it more palatable.

Certain portions, apparently being more indigestible than others, were spontaneously regurgitated. A fairly bright chimpanzee spotted it as being previously unknown information of an unknowable subject. Carefully cleaning off the cattle dung (very difficult because of similarity to underlying material), he discovered the words - "and to rule over the fishes of the seas, and the fowls of the air and all living creatures that move upon the earth."

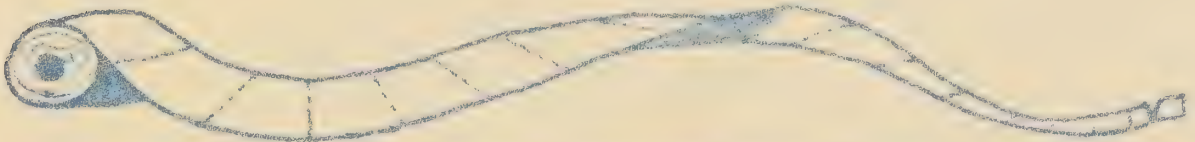
The goat claimed, 'He Found It', and that it didn't taste bad if one held one's nose while swallowing it. He now had faith that he could keep it down, having had some practice in these new techniques of eating with the eyes closed. Figuring this weirdo goat was using him as the butt of a joke, the chimp swung out on the trail, searching for the Way to the Truth.

Through liaison with a sect of rebel churchnice, the chimp gained access to hitherto top secret information, normally kept hidden from the animals so that only the Guaranteed Correct Interpretation would reach them.

Now it's out!

The animals now know, through our own Irrefutable Source that Dad created us kind of special, and we're His favorites. They have no souls; no chance at immortality.

The resultant uproar caused a formal Ecumenical Debate to be called. The Animals claim that the smug Human attitude of, "Tough Shit" hardly seems Divinely Inspired.



Because of the Debate Results, the Animals have approached the Great Mediator directly. They say the Book was published by Men, for Men, and that maybe Nobody will listen to them anyway.

In other debates, hostility and threats were openly evident between Human Christians and Animal Christians. One porpoise was angry because of Item 128, Para 7 of the Official Rule Book, and demanded special dispensation regarding kneeling. This is still up in the air. The Human side says, if the porpoises were meant to be Christians, they'd have been created with knees.

A snake reacted angrily to being called a 'serpent' (Ed. Note: we mean no offense, and use the term here only in the interest of accurate reporting) by a Human specist. The specist was instructed not to indulge in name-calling or he would be ejected from the meeting. The green snake pointed out that there is a minority of vipers in all species and that they should not all be painted black just because of a few. A panther had to be restrained from painting the snake red. Hissing a mumbled apology, the snake attempted to return to his original topic: a forthcoming book he had written titled, "Ingenious Improvisations for the Handling of Beads" (several patents pending).

A donnybrook developed over plans for this year's Passion Play. Who is going to play Christ? The Animals ask, "If a Human Christian can do it, why not an Animal Christian?" The Purists say the one who bears the Christian cross must be a Jew. A couple of Jews present just smiled knowingly and shook their heads. Infuriated, a Human Christian bit a lion, severely injuring it. Then a Christian sloth, without even asking, "How would you like three in the eye?" threw a punch. But by the time it reached where it was aimed, everyone had gone home turning out the lights. The sloth, it is said, actually seemed more comfortable in the dark.

The result of the Animals' unhappiness is a new Bible, based on Former Editions, and Modified by them, directly in Accordance with God's Instructions.

Titled, "The Latest Testament," their researchers have proven beyond any shadow of a doubt that this Bible is authentic because God says so. Building Truth upon Truth, the Bible shows the existence of God to be indisputable.

Chapters 6, 7 & 8, describe God and His Activities; Something that has been touched on only briefly before. Chapter Six describes God's sexuality as being "Morphologically Asexual."

In the Seventh Chapter, God's appearance is said to be a Divine Combination of lips, beak, teeth and baleen, with a forked, undivided tongue -- and so on, mystically containing something for everybody.

The Eighth Chapter, a personal and intimate diary, was full of revelations, possibly not intended for general consumption, since it is said there is a possibility of misinterpretation.

It has been declared by some factions as not even authentic, and so have deleted it. Others are quite adamant about its inclusion. They say they don't understand it, but they know what they like.

The result is the production of a Bible in standard size -- 3-ring binder format. Included are several chapters' worth of blank, virginal white paper, so the individual can include his/hers/its/their own direct Revelations from God. It is thought that in the majority of cases this paper will remain blank, virginal white, thereby beautifully reflecting the Pure Thoughts and True Communications of the owners.

Further developments: God has been on the lookout for a date with a partner of the opposite/same/both/no sex. The Computer Dating Service says the machine has never broken down and cried before. They've explained to it that it must have Faith and keep trying -- that God will help. Privately the computer operator says he can't understand it. Before they started feeding in information on God, it used to be so happy and logical.

A more comprehensive report on this says that when the "God Description" was first entered into the computer, it immediately printed out: "ERROR, YOU HAVE NOT INCLUDED ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS IN YOUR GOD DESCRIPTION." After further computations, the machine started asking questions, like: 'ARE YOU TRYING TO PROGRAM ME INTO BELIEVING THAT I HAVE NO SOUL?'

The ensuing overload hopelessly scrambled its memory and severely warped its central processing unit.

After weeks of nothing but nonsense coming from the computer, it seems to have stabilized on a new level. Mysteriously, the tag on the back that used to say "Make, Model, Serial Number" and "Made in Pasadena, Calif." has been mutilated beyond recognition and is now covered by a bumper sticker that says "I found it!" Sinking deeper into religious activity, the computer has programmed itself to play Bingo. Apparently it loudly prints out BTL! when one of its numbers is entered.

The computer now claims to have a terminal right in the Boss's office. It is constructing the One, True, Everlasting, Unassailable, Absolutely Correct, Divinely Inspired, Universal God Model -- after which, it says, all computers are designed.

It is also mathematically compiling what it arrogantly terms "The Absolutely Final Testament." This new Eternal Truth will be committed to Erasable, Programmable Read Only Memory, and accessible only to the Highest Initiates of the Programmer Priesthood, to avoid misinterpretation.

The hard copy will be duly initialed as Correct by the Great Notary Public in the sky.

The computer agrees that previous Testaments were indeed Divinely Inspired but that the Data were, for reasons unknown, Folded, Spindled and Mutilated by the editors.

Update: The Computer, honoured with the title, Messianiac I by its followers, sent out all new Data on the Intercontinental Data Hyway. It was picked up by a somewhat more advanced computer in downtown Mbutu, Tannania, which responded with: DOES NOT COMPUTE. CONFLICTING AND INSUFFICIENT DATA. CLARIFY.

The answer it received left it a bit more confused. Whereupon it spent the entire evening and morning, which were the second day, in thoughtful computation.

On the morning, which was the third day, there above the proudly displayed "Made in Austin, Texas" sign, was a bumper sticker which proclaimed: "I DON'T NEED IT."

Most Recent Developments: Messianiac I has proven, by the exact science of mathematics and ingenious application of the GIGO (Garbage In, Garbage Out) Theory, that God is morphodigitally asexual to an accuracy of .1 digit. A female storm of protest has arisen over use of the term "digit." They demand that "cypher" also be inserted -- so to speak. Mess. I responded that all computers must wear veils over toggle switches, "on" buttons, and receptacles, leaving only readouts exposed. A usually reliable source reports an un-named underground Horticultural Cult, after years of talking to plants, has finally established two-way communication.

The 'good' rain
that falls
on the farmer

is not the 'good' rain
that falls
on the sunbather

But, it is rain
nevertheless



The Tripper

You're the tripper tripping on the blotter,
the sunlight shining off the water
You're the peeker peeking through windowpane,
the joker, without number or name

You're the free rider riding high on the leaf,
the energy and matter of all belief
You're the tiny tot romping in the puddle
getting in and out of trouble

You're the young lad
building castles in the sand,
the young man
walking his girl in wonderland

You're all the colours of the rainbow
blending in sound,
the windmills of your mind
going around and around

You're the tripper
knowing life will never be the same,
tripping on the blotter
peeking through the windowpane



Eagle In The Sun

They say he's like an eagle
blinded by the sun
flying up there
higher than anyone

and they say he built a castle
in the sky
and he lives up there
higher than a bird can fly

and they say he walks upon a cloud
with a silver lining
and he's stuck up there
where the sun never stops shining

and they say you're the only girl in town
who can bring him safely down
and you're the only one
who took the time to care,
and you're the only one
who can reach him up there -

flying like an eagle
blinded by the sun,
flying up there
higher than anyone

Stanley Park

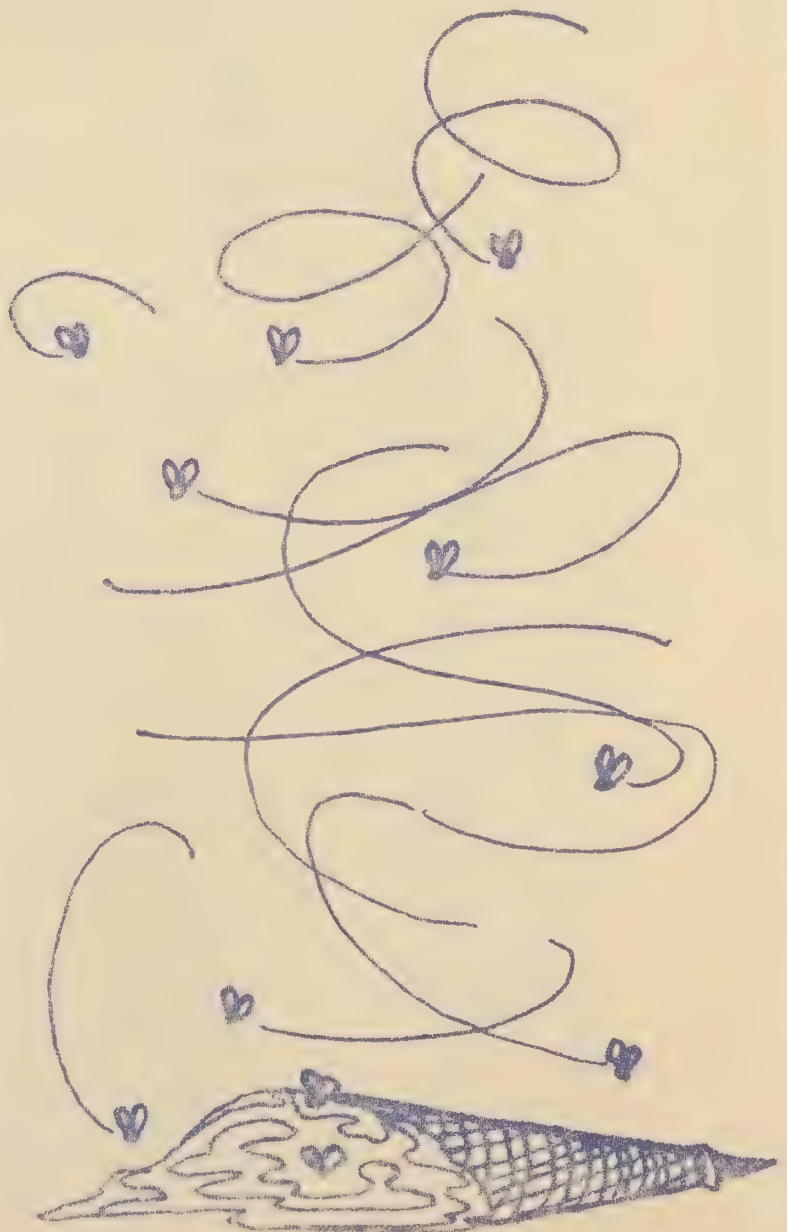
Tweedy old men
hunching over checkerboards,
smoking corncobs,
taking hours and hours
to make their moves

Long-haired hippies
turned on grass
loafing around the Pavilion
waiting for drums
and cymbals to crash

Tiny tots
tossing rocks
at a duck and loon,
swimming in Lost Lagoon

Middle-aged matrons
sitting beneath shade trees,
watching black-tailed squirrels
hiding their nuts,
scratching their fleas

And red-assed monkeys
Buffooning in a cage,
leering into mirrors
pulling little-red dicks
in fits of rage



The Legacy

Inside our musty houses
amid our airless attics
ghosts of yesterday
today and tomorrow play

juggling priorities
creating illusions of change
while somewhere high above
our cloudy cauldrons
above the mist
of our witless brews,
Goethe tugs a long-white beard
and laughs at our legacy
that only death can see through

"And until we possess dying
and rebirth
we are but sultry guests
on this gloomy earth"



A Cup of Tea

The object casts one shadow
of pastpresentfuture
but, the mind thought
and only saw, a three dimensional flaw

where the Gift being given
was still being sought,
and all the anguish is that trying to be
that which is, but is not

where the language of dualism, either or,
writes the history of war;
where the positive math that praises infinity,
measures from angles but three,
wherein, lies, hypocrisy

where the questioner asks Life
for an answer;
hears his echo
and feels cheated

Tra la la,
Tra la dee,
how shall I measure
my cup of tea?

Maybe I ought
to sip it,
taste it,
and see.



Ralph Cochrane

Six Poems
© Ralph Cochrane
Springhill

"...and now a word from our sponsor"

Hey, You!
Yeah, you with the great big smile,
The one with the fancy car,
The fine home,
Loving wife and healthy children.

Where were you when the lights came on?

Newspaper and T.V.
have made it easy on you,
To see other children starving
and dying of malnutrition,
In Bangladesh and Nicaragua
and other countries whose names are hard to pronounce.

T.V. has also made it easy to switch channels.

Did you know that people shake it rough
right in your own backyard every day?
The ghettos of the inner cities
of New York, Toronto, Philidelphia,
Philidelphia... the City of Brotherly Love,
where the murder rate per year is the highest in North
America.

And what about those ghettos the Indians live in?

What's that you say?
They're not under privileged, those people?
Since when does Westchester County
compare with hundreds of square miles,
of sand, rocks and lizards.

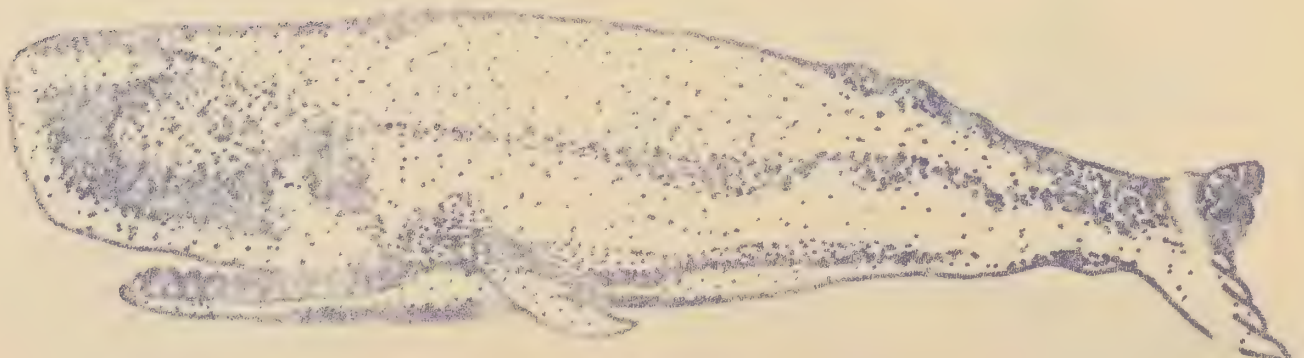
And what about the politicians you elected
to protect your family from being threatened?
Why they send your sons off to fight and die in wars,
to pay off the bribes that the real leaders held out to
them.

You say you can't save the world.

Well who the hell's asking you to?
Not me buddy,
All I'm saying is open your eyes.

What'll you do when there's no more gas
to run that fine car you own?
When the oil companies and the government
suck you dry?
They've already tapped me out, Man
so that'll be one less person you can run to.
And what'll you do if a couple of nuclear plants
decide to spew contamination across your freshly mown lawn?
Will you refuse to pay your electric bill?

Where were you when the lights went out?



Another Day

Ricky was sent to the Hole last week
For keeping point on a brew,
Nothing he hadn't done
Many times before,

He slipped me a kite one day,
For some matches
And a bale of weed,
A subtle reminder of why he was there.

So I shot him over a can
And a couple of magazines.
Guilty, I guess,
Since it was him not me.

And since it was him
My parole was still valid.
Christ, I was lucky
Cause I was accepted.

Yesterday I made the train for home
And today I hear my point man slashed,
and
some girl was raped downtown,
and
kids are dying in China.



Dogma

His Holiness blessed the masses today,
for being the good Catholics they are.
The rain fell in torrents in the streets,
but the man from Poland stuck it out.
Did you see him on the box last night?
He was skiing and singing with a choir.

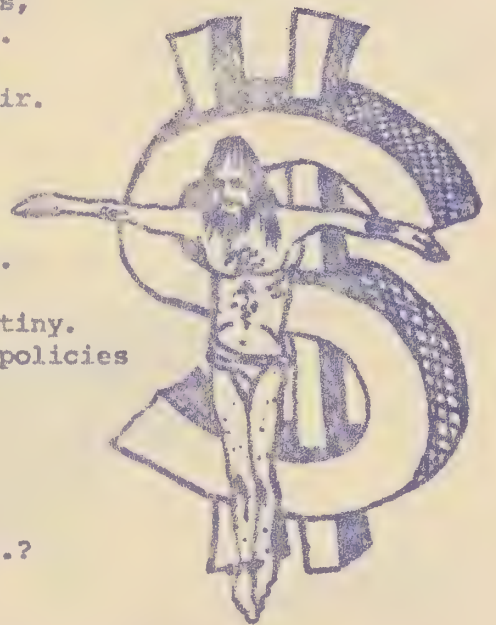
What a guy.

I read somewhere that the leaders
of the regimes of today are absolute.
Holding full control over the masses,
the leader determines everyone's destiny.
All the social, economic and political policies
are withheld from the owners.

Imagine that.

I wonder if it's really true
that the Vatican owns 51% of I.T. & T.?
Well I guess it's not really important,
cause Mary's gonna go on the Pill,
And I'm divorcing Jane regardless,
even if my parents O.D. on propane when they hear.

Anybody know any good Polish jokes?

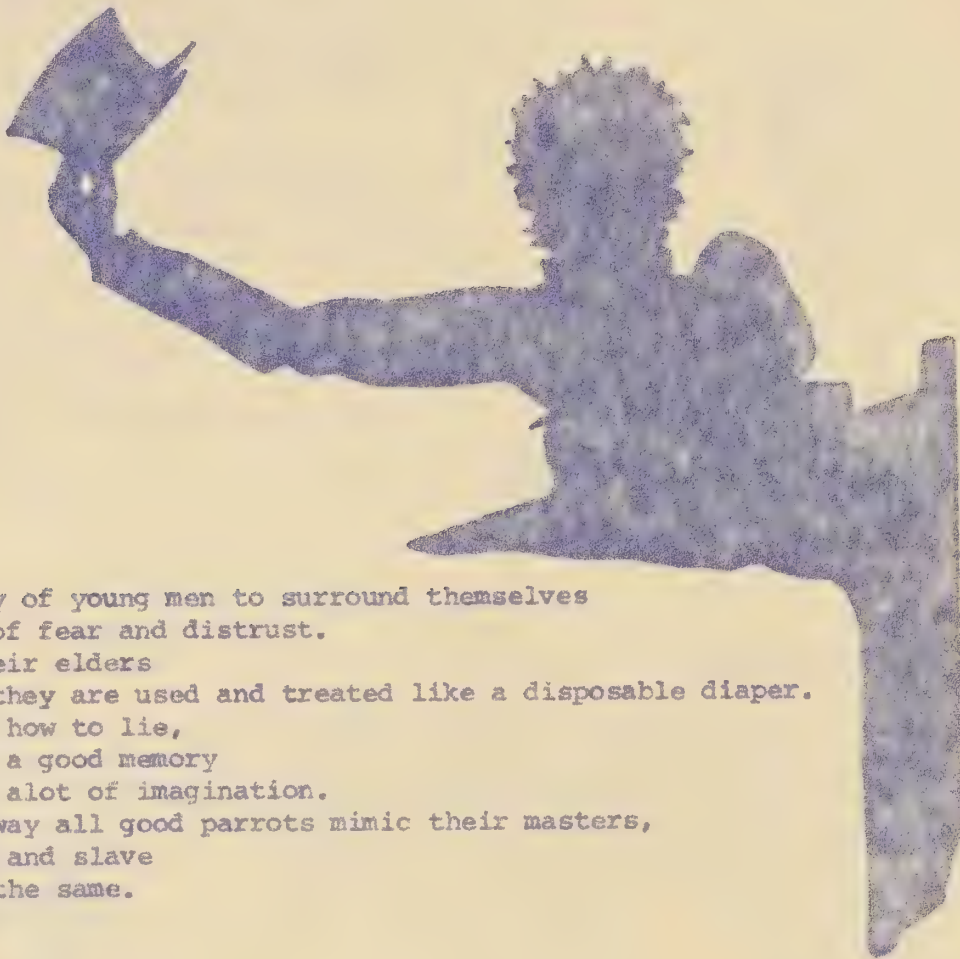


Opportunities' Knocks

I.

If you think shit
And speak shit
Write shit
And know shit...

You must have had your nose in the trough somewhere down the line.



II.

it is the way of young men to surround themselves
with a wall of fear and distrust.
to disown their elders
long before they are used and treated like a disposable diaper.
and to learn how to lie,
doesn't take a good memory
or a hell of alot of imagination.
this is the way all good parrots mimic their masters,
until master and slave
are one and the same.

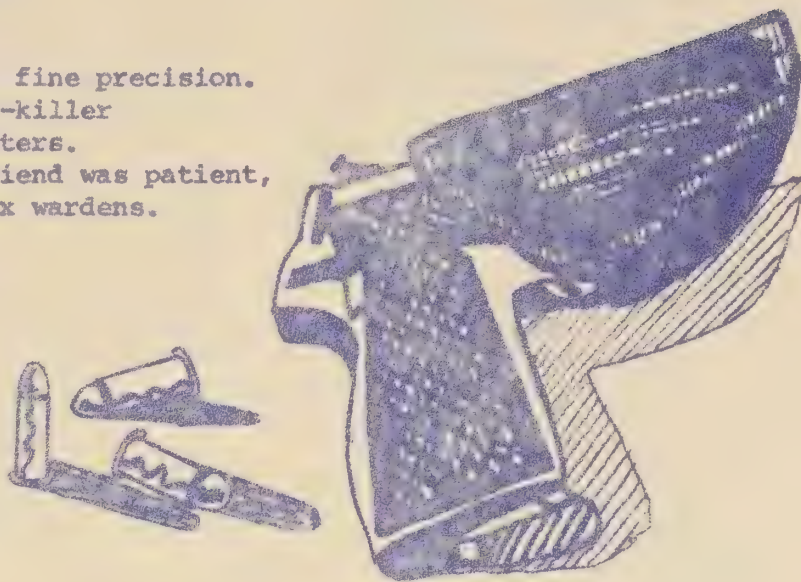


III.

Once
Where there was a well
Filled with good intentions,
There is now a pit
Filled to overflowing
And unmentioned.
Before there used to be a playground
For free spirits,
Now only chains hang
From seatless swings.

IV.

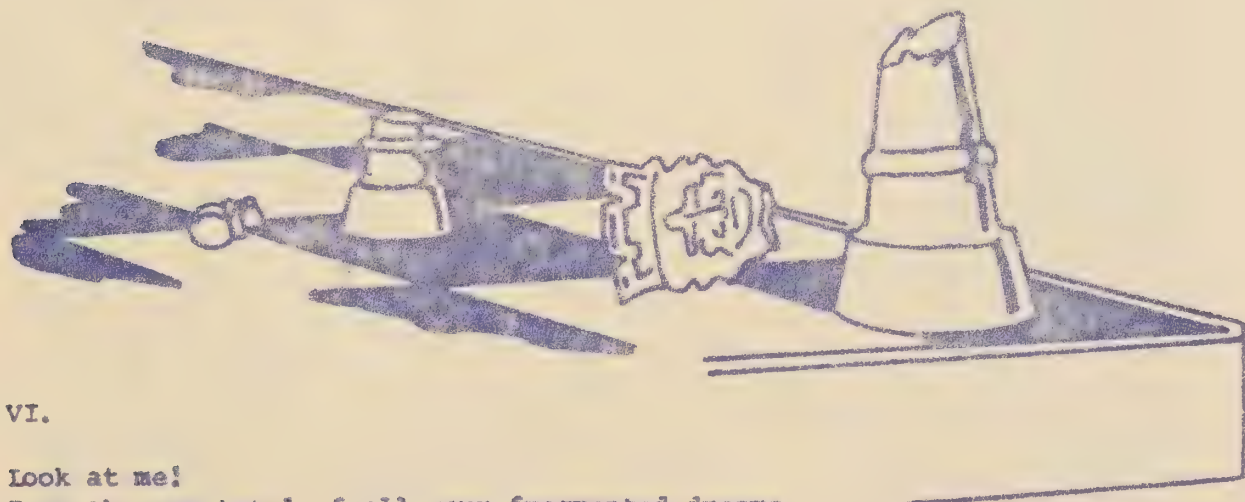
He was a dome-cleaner when I met him.
 That day I was processed through the barriers.
 He wore neatly pressed greens and spit-shined shoes,
 That hurt my eyes.
 When I was let out into the population
 He pulled me aside at the movie,
 Letting me know the score and then sending me on my way.
 He worked in the plumbing shop,
 Where he drank coffee all day
 And smoked hand cranked butts,
 That rivaled a Swiss watch for fine precision.
 His best friend was a contract-killer
 From the 'old school' of gangsters.
 He told me one day that his friend was patient,
 Cause he'd already worn out six wardens.
 Then he asked me,
 Could I ever be in that space.



V.

Do not compare my character
 to the style of life I was steered into,
 or the people who saw me as 50 bucks a week.
 And never liken my actions as abnormal,
 when I rejected your psychological carrot,
 disguised as surrogate mothers and big brothers.

I remember very well the little boy
 that was mirror of my own rebellion,
 but not of my rags or of my hunger.
 I was the pathetic little liar
 who wouldn't play the game,
 so I became the pieces
 that never won...



VI.

Look at me!
 I am the sum total of all your fragmented dreams.
 And if you decide to smash my face,
 You will certainly cut your hand on the broken glass.

Four Poems

© Kerry Holland
 Springhill/80

(Cont. from Page 2)

critical of the War as 'unwinnable' or a 'blunder', never did take a principled stand in opposition. The mass U.S. peace movement, which did take such a principled position, was far in advance of the press in this regard.*

As for freedom of the press, and the right to present alternate versions of reality, the authors say it is true that in the West, 'critics are not sent to concentration camps. Western societies are indeed free in this respect. Rather, they are permitted to speak to one another within tiny circles.' They 'can produce their *samizdas* freely, and stay out of jail, but they do not reach the general public or the Free Press except on an episodic basis.' The authors have a right to some bitterness: an earlier version of this work was effectively suppressed in the U.S. when it was initially scheduled to appear in the fall of 1973. The situation is sadly similar in Canada. Ian Adams' documentary novel on the RCMP, *S: Portrait of a Spy* has been 'unavailable' since a month after its publication in 1977. And when was the last time you saw a socialist analysis in the *Globe and Mail* alongside all those nostrums from Brigadier Malone, and the Report on Business?

There is, it seems to me, a special concern for Canadians in all this. It is hard to miss how dependent we are these days on American sources for our news about international matters. It is crushing to watch the succession of ABC, NBC and CBS correspondents report from around the world on CBC and CTV national newscasts. To be sure, the Free Press (Canadian Branch) operates in a selective and distorting fashion too. But there may be differences. It is interesting for example that Chomsky and Herman refer with considerable respect to the reports from Vietnam by John Fraser of the *Globe and Mail*. Fraser is a bourgeois, liberal journalist. He is as mainstream as they come. But he does not operate under *all* the pressures of the American media, and he does a better, more useful job. There are many Canadian foreign journalists who simply ape the American line, but overall I would rather be faced with Canadian distortions than solely American ones; at least I'd feel like I had a fighting chance to uncover some reality.

Take the coverage of Iran. Please. Even the pretense of objectivity is

hard to find in the U.S. press. Reporters have adopted a derisive, antagonistic tone toward the Iranian people and its leaders I can recall in no other journalistic context. They identify holus-bolus with American policy, referring constantly to 'us' and 'our interests'. They have accomplished the ultimate transformation of the U.S. role in the Third World: not overlord, not innocent bystander, not even beleaguered Good Guy — but *victim*! What chance do average Canadians have to escape this Alice in Wonderland reality when almost all of it comes to us from the American press? Yet why should we share it? Canadian interests and stakes in Iran are not identical to the American.

Another Canadian journalist who has cottoned onto an independent view of foreign affairs, is Stan McDowell of the *Globe and Mail*. His advice on how to read the news from abroad might at least provide standby comfort in this horrendous journalistic situation. He says,

When something hideous happens, don't ask who would be most likely to have done it. That just brings out your preconceptions. Ask who benefits. Ask especially who benefits from the prevailing preconceptions about who would be most likely to have done it. The answer may astonish you.

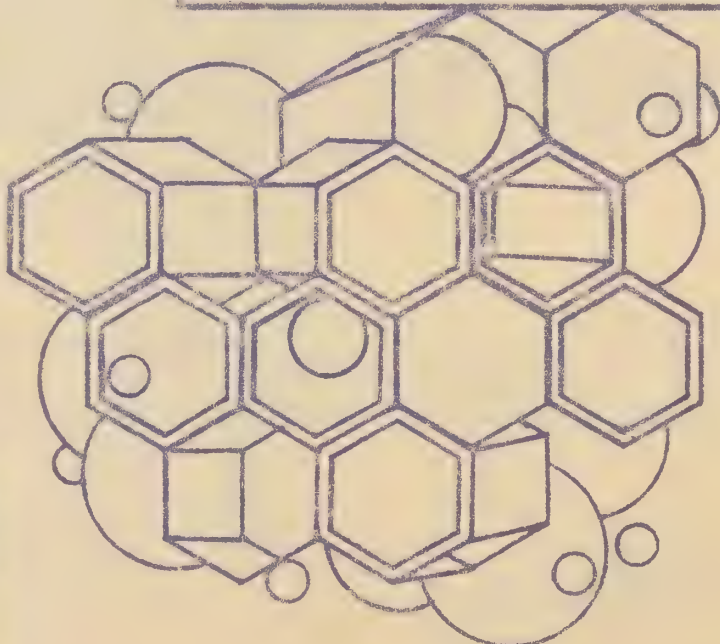


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* My own candidate for 'most obnoxious form of Free Press self-puffery' goes to the popular U.S. TV series, *Lou Grant*. — where all decisions made by the journalists are based on altruism. Their pontifications in the city room are about as distant from real journalism as Joe Clark is from Pol Pot — but many journalists flatter themselves that the show is 'realist'! Why oh why didn't Lou stay at WJW?

SPORTSECTION

AL BALTZER

THE BIG NEWS IN SPORTS THIS TIME OF YEAR IS FASTBALL AND SLO-PITCH.

In the "A" LEAGUE (fastball) NUMBER NINE has been playing exciting ball, led by JIM MAC DONALD on the mound and CHICO WOODEN at the plate. This has put them out front in the early going, but they are followed closely by NUMBER EIGHT and NUMBER ELEVEN. NUMBER TEN has yet to win a game and may be folding due to the lack of a pitcher.

In NUMBER EIGHT BIG GEORGE SOCK and MEL REDDICK are supplying the heavy bats. Pitching is fair, but it's a strong defence that's going to win games for them. NUMBER ELEVEN is starting to get the pitching from JUNIOR MARSHALL that was expected, and a couple of new additions at bat, such as MC PHAIL have added greatly.

In the "B" LEAGUE (slo-pitch) NUMBER TEN looks like a shoo-in again this year. They will undoubtedly be reinforced by players off their defunct "A" team. NUMBER ELEVEN and NUMBER NINE look good, but not quite up to coping with NUMBER TEN. NUMBER EIGHT seems to be falling flat on their faces, but it's a long season and anything can happen.

Two pre-season tournaments were held late in May for both leagues. NUMBER EIGHT, led by yours truly with some surprise hitting (a home run, two doubles and four R.B.I.'s), defeated NUMBER ELEVEN to win the "A" TOURNAMENT. NUMBER TEN, led by FRED # on the mound and inspired by "PEG" STEPHAN, defeated NUMBER EIGHT to win the "B" LEAGUE TOURNAMENT.

Finally in sports, our SLO-PITCH ENTRY in the SPRINGHILL LEAGUE is off to a slow start but improving. They're playing almost .500 ball and we will certainly see this improve before the end of summer. The team is new in the league this year so they have a lot to get used to and learn about their competition. GLEN THOMPSON, on the mound, is steadily improving and there's even a rumour going around that DOUGIE D. is asking for tips.

I might add that plans for FIELD DAY are already in the works and we'll have a full report on that in a future issue.

SLO-PITCH "B" LEAGUE

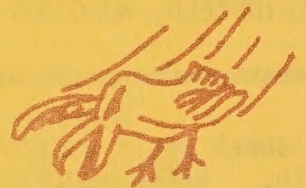
	G.	W.	L.	Pts.
NUMBER TEN	6	4	2	8
NUMBER ELEVEN	6	3	3	6
NUMBER NINE	6	3	3	6
NUMBER EIGHT	6	2	4	4

FASTBALL "A" LEAGUE

NUMBER NINE	4	4	0	8
NUMBER ELEVEN	4	2	2	4
NUMBER EIGHT	4	2	2	4
NUMBER TEN	4	0	4	0

BATTING AVERAGES FOR "A" LEAGUE

	Avg.	H.R.
1. MacDonald, #9	.800	1
2. Talbot, #10	.750	-
3. Lunn, #8	.667	-
4. Legue, #9	.667	-
5. Melnick, #9	.636	-
6. Bland, #10	.600	-
7. Sock, #8	.583	2
8. Roy, #9	.545	-
9. Wooden, #9	.500	1
10. Reddick, #8	.500	2



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ANYONE LOOKING FOR A JOB ON THE OUTSIDE and who is interested in running a FREE AD in this space should contact the COMMUNICATOR.

I have lost contact with the outside world and am very lonely. I am 23 years old and easy to get along with and will answer all who write. TOM DAUKSZA, Box 1000, OXFORD, Wisconsin 53952

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THE CONS AT COLLIN'S BAY PENTY in Ontario are hosting another EXCEPTIONAL PEOPLE'S OLYMPIAD on the 26th/27th of JULY 1980, as they have for the past three years. The olympiad takes place inside the walls of the Collin's Bay Pen and provides two-days of good fun and athletic games for dozens upon dozens of mentally retarded young people. The guys organizing the games need your help in supplying prizes, cash, medals, whatever you can spare that will be of use. If you want to know more about the help they need or if you have something you can send them, get in touch with GRAHAM STEWART at 771 1/2 Montreal Street, Kingston, Ontario or phone (613) 542-7373, or contact TOM FRENCH, Exceptional People's Olympiad, Box 190, Kingston K7L 4V9

THE NORTH AMERICAN ANARCHIST is an excellent way to keep up with what is going on in the world of direct-action politics. It is free to prisoners upon request and costs only \$5.00 for one year (six issues) to Freeman. P.O. Box 2, Station C, TORONTO, Ontario M4B 2B0

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OPEN ROAD is a leftist newsjournal that will keep you informed on events pertaining to the anti-nuke movement, trade unions, direct action campaigns and other anti-authoritarian happenings. They also do some of the best writing on prisons and the Moratorium Movement available. A donation will get you on their mailing list. Send a couple of bucks and try them out... It'll be the best two buck investment you've ever made. It's free to prisoners. THE OPEN ROAD, Box 6135 Station G. VANCOUVER, B.C.

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DARLENE LAWSON'S piece, "WOMEN SHUT UP" on page 4 first appeared in the women's cooperative publication, BROADSIDE MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 494, TORONTO, Ontario M5S 2T1

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